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THE LIFE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA



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*From a Painting in the Drawing Room
at Sandringham, by Edward Hughes
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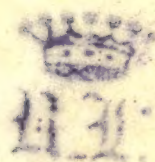
Alexandra

THE LIFE OF
QUEEN ALEXANDRA

By SARAH I. TOWLES

Author of "The Princess Alexandra"

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TEN
ILLUSTRATIONS



LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON
27, PATERNOSTER ROW • • MCMII



Front of Painting of the Drawing Room
at Southampton, by Richard Hughes
The artist's possession.

Richard Hughes

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By SARAH A. TOOLEY

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*In perfect peace serene
Keep Thou our gracious Queen,
With her abide.
May Heaven's own sunshine fair,
Rest on her everywhere;
Hear thou Thy people's prayer:
God save the Queen.*

DA
EB
A3016

PREFACE

THE attempt begun more than a year ago to write a full, authentic, and personal biography of the most popular Queen Consort who has ever shared the throne of the Monarch of the British Empire was surrounded by difficulties. The life of Queen Alexandra was not bound up with the political history of the country ; neither had she, like the late Queen, published any of her private letters and journals. Materials for this work had therefore to be obtained *viva voce* from, or by correspondence with, personal friends of the Queen—several of whom had known her from childhood—and from distinguished personages in this country and on the Continent. To those who have so generously helped, my thanks are now heartily given.

Much information has also been obtained by the writer while travelling in Denmark and visiting the scenes of the Queen's early years.

Furthermore, the Queen was graciously pleased to grant, for the writing of this biography, special facilities for studying her interests, occupations, amusements, and the general surroundings of her life at

her beloved Norfolk home of Sandringham. Her Majesty also gave permission for the copying of several of her portraits at Sandringham, and for the photographing of special objects in the grounds. The marriages of the Prince and Princess of Wales and of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark are also reproduced by permission from the pictures of Professor Tuxen, the Danish Court painter, now at Windsor Castle and Sandringham respectively.

It remains only to express the hope that the difficulties which accompany royal biography may be held in extenuation of any failure on the part of the writer to do full justice to the illustrious subject of this book.

SARAH A. TOOLEY.

KENSINGTON, 1902.

C O N T E N T S

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
EARLY YEARS IN DENMARK	I

CHAPTER II

THE BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA	17
---	----

CHAPTER III

THE PRINCESS ADOPTS HER NEW COUNTRY	37
---	----

CHAPTER IV

A PERIOD OF SUFFERING AND TRAVEL	55
--	----

CHAPTER V

HOME LIFE AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AND SANDRINGHAM	73
--	----

CHAPTER VI

	PAGE
SHADOW AND SUNSHINE	93

CHAPTER VII

THE QUEEN AND HER FATHERLAND	113
--	-----

CHAPTER VIII

PRINCESS AND QUEEN	133
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX

PERSONAL TASTES AND CHARACTERISTICS	153
---	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
PAINTING OF THE QUEEN BY EDWARD HUGHES WITH AUTOGRAPH	<i>Frontispiece</i>
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE AMALIENBORG PALACE, COPENHAGEN	2
PATERNAL GRANDPARENTS	3
KING CHRISTIAN IX. AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE. FATHER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA	4
THE LATE QUEEN LOUISE AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE. MOTHER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA	5
MATERNAL GRANDPARENTS	5
THE GÛLE PALAIS	6
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS A GIRL	7
PRINCE VALDEMAR AS A BOY. QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S YOUNGEST BROTHER	8
THE KING OF DENMARK AND HIS FAMILY PLAYING CROQUET	10
MISS KNUDSEN, THE ENGLISH TEACHER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA	11
QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WITH HER FATHER, PRINCESS DAGMAR, AND PRINCE GEORGE	13
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN	14
THE PALACE OF RUMPENHEIM, NEAR FRANKFORT, WHERE QUEEN ALEXANDRA PAID MANY DELIGHTFUL VISITS DURING HER EARLY YEARS	15
PRINCESS DAGMAR	16
QUEEN ALEXANDRA BEFORE HER BETROTHAL	18
QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1863	20
ON THE LAWN AT BERNSTORFF	21
PRINCESS DAGMAR	22
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE, LATE DUCHESS OF TECK	23
THE KING OF DENMARK AT THE TIME OF HIS ACCESSION	24
THE LATE QUEEN LOUISE OF DENMARK	25
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE	27
THE KING AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE	28
QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1863	29
MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, MARCH 10, 1863.	34
QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1866	38
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN WINDSOR PARK	41
QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1864	43
THE KING IN 1864	44
THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, 1864	46
THE QUEEN WITH PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR	47
AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF LADY MACCLESFIELD, LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA SINCE 1863	48
THE QUEEN OF DENMARK WITH HER THREE DAUGHTERS AND PRINCE VALDEMAR	49
A ROYAL GROUP AT ELSINORE, FACING THE KATTEGAT	51
THE QUEEN AT FREDENSBORG	53
MARLBOROUGH HOUSE	56
THE LATE SIR JAMES PAGET, SURGEON TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA DURING HER SEVERE ILLNESS IN 1867.	59
THE LATE QUEEN LOUISE OF DENMARK	61
THE QUEEN AND HER SISTER, THE CZARINA	62
THE QUEEN, WITH THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK, AND HER TWO SISTERS	63
THE DUCHESS D'OTRANTE	64
QUEEN ALEXANDRA ON A DROMEDARY WHEN TRAVELLING IN THE EAST.	65
THE ROYAL FLOTILLA GOING DOWN THE NILE DURING THE KING AND QUEEN'S TOUR IN THE EAST	66
THE ROYAL PARTY ON THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS	67
PYRAMID AND SPHYNX, VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN IN 1869.	68
KING GEORGE OF GREECE IN 1869	69
QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE IN NATIONAL DRESS	70
THE KING'S PALACE, ATHENS, WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN STAYED IN 1869, ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE EAST	71

	PAGE
THE KING AND QUEEN VISITING CATHCART CEMETERY IN THE CRIMEA, 1869	72
THE QUEEN RIDING AT SANDRINGHAM	74
THE QUEEN AND HER WOLFHOUND "ALEC" AT THE DOOR OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE	76
THE QUEEN AND HER SISTERS	78
THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MAUD	79
MARLBOROUGH HOUSE SUMMER-HOUSE AND ROYAL CHILDREN'S TOYS	80
THE QUEEN IN 1869	81
SANDRINGHAM HOUSE FROM THE TERRACE	82
TAPESTRY IN DINING-ROOM, SANDRINGHAM	83
THE RIGHT HON. SIR DIGHTON PROBYN, COMPTROLLER OF THE HOUSEHOLD AT SANDRINGHAM	84
INTERIOR OF TECHNICAL SCHOOL, SANDRINGHAM	85
"SNOWBALL," THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE COLLIE	87
THE QUEEN IN THE GARDEN AT SANDRINGHAM WITH HER DOGS "BILLY," "PUNCHY," AND "CHOW PLUMPIE"	89
THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE ROSE-COMB BANTAMS	90
HON. CHARLOTTE KNOLLYS	91
THE KING AND QUEEN AND FAMILY	94
THE KING AT THE TIME OF HIS ILLNESS, 1871	96
THE QUEEN DRIVING THE KING IN THE PARK IN 1872, AFTER HIS ILLNESS	98
THE ROYAL PEW AT ST. PAUL'S ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1872	99
QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1874	100
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	101
THE QUEEN OF DENMARK DRIVING HER TWO ELDEST DAUGHTERS	103
THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE, TAKEN ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY	105
ROYAL FAMILY GROUP	107
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE TIME OF HER SILVER WEDDING	109
STATUETTE OF "VIVA" (IN SILVER), THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE HORSE	111
THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES TO PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK	114
ROYAL FAMILY OF DENMARK, 1888	117
DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THE PARK AT FREDENSBORG	118
MR. NEILSON, PAGE TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA FOR THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS	118
THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER DAUGHTERS PLAYING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AT FREDENSBORG	119
ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH, COPENHAGEN	120
THE KING OF DENMARK DRIVING A FAMILY PARTY AT FREDENSBORG	121
PROFESSOR FINSEN, OF THE LIGHT INSTITUTE, COPENHAGEN	122
TREATMENT OF LUPUS BY ELECTRIC LIGHT	123
QUEEN'S AUTOGRAPH INSCRIPTION IN HYMN-BOOK GIVEN TO SAILORS' CHURCH, POPLAR	124
QUEEN'S AUTOGRAPH INSCRIPTION IN BIBLE GIVEN TO SAILORS' CHURCH, POPLAR	125
THE KING IN DANISH UNIFORM, AS GENERAL OF THE HESTGARTEN	126
ALTAR WITH SERVICE BOOKS PRESENTED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO THE SAILORS' CHURCH, POPLAR	127
QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE LATE CZAR ALEXANDER, CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK, THE CZARINA, THE KING	128
FREDENSBORG FROM ONE OF THE ALLÉES	129
VIEW OF THE GARDENS AT FREDENSBORG FROM THE QUEEN'S ROOM	130
THE QUEEN, PRINCE OF WALES, DUCHESS OF FIFE, PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK	134
H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE, THE DUCHESS OF FIFE	136
THE QUEEN'S GRANDCHILDREN	138
STATUE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA	141
THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK	143
THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES	145
GJENTOFTE CHURCH	147
THE QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS VICTORIA, PRINCESS MAUD, AND PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK	149
THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK	154
GRECIAN WELL	155
SHOOTING-PARTY AT SANDRINGHAM	157
THE QUEEN AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL	159
THE QUEEN'S RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND "ALEC"	160
THE QUEEN ON HER FAVOURITE HORSE "VIVA"	161
THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON'S STUDIO CHAIR WORKED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA	163
THE QUEEN'S ELECTRIC MOTOR-CAR	165
"BERNSTORFF, 1895"	167
THE QUEEN'S AVIARY AT SANDRINGHAM	169
THE QUEEN'S SUMMER-HOUSE AND ROSARY, SANDRINGHAM	170

14

Early Years in Denmark



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE AMALIENBORG PALACE, COPENHAGEN.

From photo by Weller, Copenhagen.

CHAPTER I

Early Years in Denmark

Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown :
This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own."

—*Wordsworth.*

THE present is an era of queens, for as Victoria excelled preceding monarchs, so is Alexandra eclipsing previous queen consorts. Rarely, if ever, has it been the good fortune of a nation to have the greatest queen in its history followed by the most popular and beloved of queen consorts. For thirty-eight years Queen Alexandra has lived in our midst as girl-bride, wife, mother, and the second lady of the Court, and not a breath of scandal has sullied her fair name, nor any unworthy act been laid to her charge. She is loved throughout the length and breadth of the land for her sweetness of character and her womanly compassion for the poor and suffering.

It can be said of Alexandra as the Danes testified long ago of Dagmar of Bohemia, consort of Valdemar II. : "She came to our land, not as a

burden, but as a blessing, and was the solace of the poor." The only sin which could be recollected of the venerated Dagmar was that she once put on a fine dress to go to church on Sunday ; and if the love of beautiful attire be a sin in woman,



PATERNAL GRANDPARENTS.¹

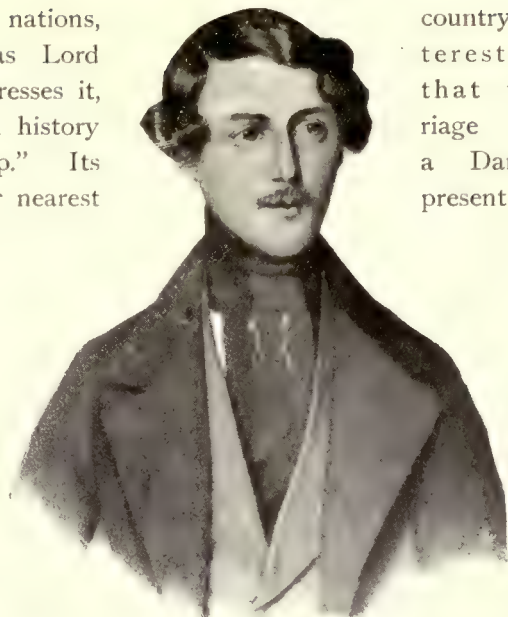
then Queen Alexandra also is culpable.

The little sea-girt kingdom of Denmark stands high in prestige among

¹ Duke Frederick William of Glücksburg and the Duchess Louise Caroline of Glücksburg, the paternal grandparents of Queen Alexandra.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

the Protestant nations, "and occupies," as Lord Avebury aptly expresses it, "a larger space in history than on the map." Its people, too, are our nearest relations in Europe; thousands of Danes came to the British Isles in the train of Sweyn and Canute, while during the same period numbers of Englishmen settled in Denmark. Britons



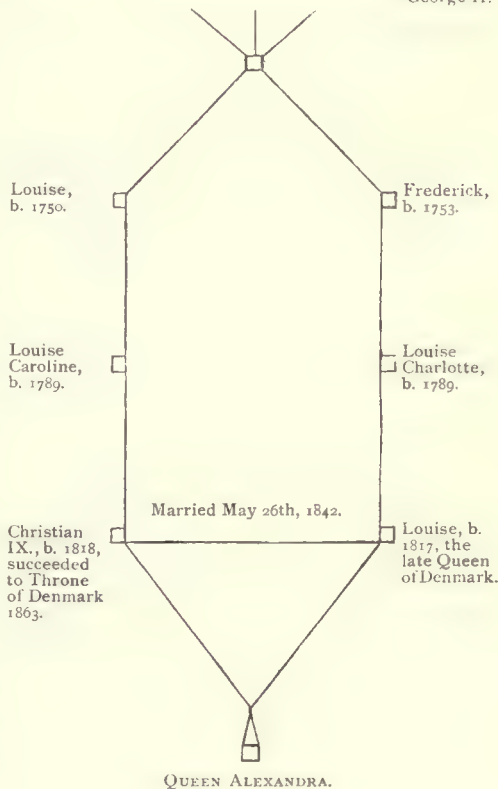
KING CHRISTIAN IX., AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE. FATHER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

country. Of special interest is it to note that through this marriage of James I. with a Danish princess our present Royal Family can

trace its ancestors back to Ulf the Jarl, who ruled Denmark while his brother-in-law, Canute, was king of England. Well indeed may Tennyson have sung :

and Scandinavians have a common genius, similar tastes and gifts, and from time immemorial have been seafaring people, great navigators, workers in iron, and characterised by physical hardihood and a love of freedom. From the days of King Canute there have been intermarriages between the Royal Families of England and of Scotland with that of Denmark. Queen Philippa, wife of Eric of Denmark, was the sister of Henry V. James III. of Scotland wedded the Princess Margaret, daughter of Christian I. of Denmark, and received the Orkney Islands as her dowry. James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, while still only sovereign of his native country, married the Princess Anne, daughter of Frederick II. of Denmark, who in due course became Queen Consort of England and the mother of the line of Stuart sovereigns in this

Frederick V. of Denmark married Louisa, daughter of George II.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



THE GÛLE PALAIS.

Hesse, brother of the late Queen Louise. Her father was the son of Duke Frederick William of Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, and was born at the ancestral home of Glücksburg Castle. At the age of thirteen he came to Copenhagen, after the death of his father, and was received by the famous old King Frederick VI. as his adopted son. He was most carefully trained at the Military College (*Land Kadet*) at Copenhagen, and in due time became a Captain in the Horse Guards, having his residence in the royal barracks. The old King, to whom he was fondly attached, died when his *protégé* was entering on manhood, and was succeeded by Christian VIII. As there seemed a likelihood of the Danish succession failing in the direct line, and a dispute arising about the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, the Czar Nicholas

of Russia suggested that a marriage should be arranged between the young Prince Christian of Glücksburg and the Princess Louise, second daughter of the Landgrave William of Hesse and his wife, the Princess Charlotte of Denmark, sister of the then reigning King—the Princess Louise to cede her right to the crown in favour of her husband, in whom the succession was to be vested in the event of heirs failing in the direct male line.

However, the parents of Queen Alexandra had fallen in love with each other without the aid of the Czar Nicholas, and were most willing to comply with his little arrangement for the settlement of the succession. Handsome Prince Christian had frequently met his pretty cousin Louise at the Danish Court, her father, the Landgrave, having his palace in Copenhagen



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS A GIRL.

and they had had more intimate opportunities of meeting at that famous matchmaking centre for the Hessian family, the Palace of Rumpenheim. There their betrothal took place in the autumn of 1841, and their marriage was celebrated the following spring, on May 26, at the palace of the bride's father in Copenhagen. The young couple were established by their royal relatives in the modest Gûle Palais, Copenhagen, and there in quick succession their six children, four of whom were destined to occupy thrones, were born in the following order: Frederick, Crown Prince of Denmark; Alexandra, Queen Consort of England; George, King of Greece; Dagmar, Dowager Empress of Russia; Thyra, Duchess of Cumberland; and Prince Valdemar, who, with his charming wife, Princess Marie of Orleans, now occupies the old Gûle Palais.

Nothing could have been more delightful than the early home-life of

Queen Alexandra. She was reared amidst perfect domestic happiness, and surrounded by everything which was calculated to develop the best instincts of her nature, and it was her good fortune not to be pampered by luxury. She early learned the lesson that she could not have everything she wanted. Her soldier father and wise, tactful mother taught their children obedience; albeit the little "Alix" was vain, for even the most judicious parents could not conceal from her quick discernment that she was the beauty of the family. Her large eyes, of the deep Scandinavian blue, and lovely skin caused many a stroller to turn and look as she walked with her nurse along the sea promenade which skirts the Sound within a few hundred yards of the Gûle Palais. At other times she and her pretty little sister Dagmar would be noticed by the passers-by looking at the life of the city from an iron balcony outside the drawing-room window, or, again, they would be seen taking an airing in the lovely gardens of the Rosenborg Slot, a little removed from their home, dressed in simple but pretty attire, which not infrequently had been made by the skilful hands of their mother. The dainty frocks were quickly changed for something unspoilable when they returned to the playroom of the Gûle Palais.

And a rare place for fun and frolic that old palais must have been for the Princess Alexandra and her brothers and sisters. It reminded me of the ancient châteaux one encounters in out-of-the-way corners in Paris, being entered from the Amaliegade Street

by big gates, which swing back on chains into a courtyard. It is a house of winding stairs and passages, specially designed for hide-and-seek. The rooms are old-fashioned and of modest dimensions; the one in which



PRINCE VALDEMAR AS A BOY.
QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S YOUNGEST
BROTHER.

Queen Alexandra first saw the light is at the side overlooking the courtyard. For many years the *concierge* has pointed with pride to the window of that room, as he smiled the words

Princessen af Wales; now he has changed them to *Dronning Alexandrine*.

Here, in this loved home of her childhood, Queen Alexandra constantly heard the murmur of the sea, though high buildings obstructed the sight of it from the windows of the Gûle Palais. One of her great delights was to be allowed to go down to the harbour and watch the innumerable vessels gliding over the blue waters of the Sound. It was indeed a fair sight for her opening mind, and invested with a living interest the stories of the Vikings which she heard from her father. She was reared, too, in the very atmosphere of fairyland. Those were the days when Hans Andersen was writing,

under the friendly patronage of the Danish Royal Family, and the publication of a new story was received in Copenhagen with a similar delight to that which in London greeted a new Christmas tale by Dickens. Nowhere were Andersen's stories more eagerly looked for than by the young people at the Gûle Palais, where he was a frequent visitor. The Princess Alexandra was allowed to read "The Ugly Duckling," or "The Little Mermaid," as a reward for good behaviour. When, many years later, the prince of fairy writers was laid to rest, Queen Alexandra's mother herself placed a wreath of laurels and lilies upon his coffin.

The young Princess was indeed cradled in an atmosphere of art and literature. Thorwaldsen had but recently died, crowned with honour, in his native city, when she was born, and throughout her childhood the collecting of his statuary into the museum built to enshrine it, close to the King's palace, was a great topic of conversation in her home, as amongst all classes in Copenhagen, and she was frequently taken to see the famous marbles. The great sculptor, like Hans Andersen, was much honoured at the Danish Court, and the accomplished parents of the young Princess were his great admirers.

At this period, too, the musical world of Copenhagen was in raptures at the advent of Jenny Lind, who had crossed the Sound from her native Sweden. The kings of Denmark had long been noted as antiquarian and art collectors; and during Queen Alexandra's early years King Christian VIII. kept Court in the Palace of Christiansborg, which

had fine galleries of paintings, a natural history museum occupying twelve saloons, and a library of some 400,000 books; while under the King's supervision the marble sculptures and casts of Thorwaldsen, as I have already said, were being collected in a museum built adjacent to the Palace. The Christiansborg Palace was gutted by fire in 1884, and stands today a huge ruin, with gaping windows. Another of the royal residences of Copenhagen, the Rosenborg Slot, filled with the priceless art treasures of previous kings, was also a means of artistic education to Princess Alexandra.

In noting the various influences which surrounded her early years, it should be remembered that the Danes were in Queen Alexandra's youth acquiring their present constitutional freedom. Her father's counsellor and friend, the old King Frederick VI., had restored a measure of Parliamentary government, it having been lost to the people for 250 years, and the reforms were upheld by his cousin and successor, Christian VIII., receiving completion under Frederick VII., who granted the constitution to Denmark (*Grund Lov*) June 5, 1849. One of the earliest memories of Queen Alexandra is of witnessing the great national demonstration in honour of this event, which took place when she was a child of five. Although the Queen is not in any way a politician, and certainly would not be likely to plot with the Ministers behind the King's back, as did the Consort of George II., still the enthusiasm amongst the Danish people for a free constitution, which im-

pregnated the atmosphere of her childhood, and with which her father thoroughly sympathised, has enabled her to have a more intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the monarchy of this country than if she had been a princess reared under an autocracy.

While these educative influences formed the outer environment of her life, she was being most carefully instructed at home under the direct supervision of her parents. Her father was a tall, handsome man, of a domestic and kindly nature, perfectly devoted to his wife and children. He was, as became a soldier, a strict disciplinarian, but is reputed to have shown a weak side to the faults of *la petite Alexandrine*, who for several years was the only daughter. Princess Louise, her mother, was clever and accomplished. She was an excellent musician (playing both the piano and harp), could converse fluently in French and German, and had some knowledge of English. She drew and painted, and the walls of the Gûle Palais were hung with her sketches, while in common with the Danish ladies she worked exquisitely in silk embroidery. To these graceful accomplishments the Princess Louise added a thorough knowledge of housewifery, and was an expert needlewoman. She had "wit," too, as I have heard the Danes say, meaning that she was possessed of faculty, discrimination, and tact, and this quality, which in the early years of her married life made her such an excellent wife and mother, rendered her a most helpful Consort to Prince Christian when he ascended the throne; and there came



THE KING OF DENMARK AND HIS FAMILY PLAYING CROQUET.

to be a saying in Denmark, "The King—it is the Queen." There is no doubt that Queen Alexandra's mother was a very charming and remarkable woman, and her daughters will readily admit that neither of them has inherited all her gifts, which appear, indeed, to have been divided amongst them. Alexandra has her mother's taste for music, her strong maternal instincts, and excelled her in beauty; Dagmar has inherited more of her faculty and intellectual gifts; while Thyra resembled her most in charm of manner and love of home-life. Queen Louise trained her children to be perfectly delightful in behaviour, and when in letters of the period, from various relatives, reference is made to her visits, one generally meets with some such remark as, "Aunt Louise and her charming children are here."

It was from her mother that the Princess Alexandra received her first lessons in general knowledge and in music and drawing; and as she and her sister Dagmar grew older, masters for special subjects came daily to the Gûle Palais. Their resident governess was a Swiss lady, Mademoiselle Schwiedland. Princess Alexandra was taught music by Mr. Siboni; German by the then clergyman of the German Reformed Church, Pastor Theobald; drawing by Professor Buntzen; history and geography by Professor Petersen; and English by Miss Mathilde Knudsen, a lady who has continued to teach in the Danish Royal Family for thirty years. She gave the first lesson in English to Princess Alexandra on January 5, 1858. Miss Knudsen, though somewhat invalided by rheumatism, is to-day a bright and cheery personality, and her little sitting-room

in Copenhagen contains many mementoes and autograph portraits from Queen Alexandra and her sisters. Several times the Queen, when Princess of Wales, visited her former teacher, and would sit and chat with her in the kindest manner; and each time that Miss Knudsen has been in England she has been invited by the Princess to tea or luncheon at Marlborough House, and once to dinner

House to see the wedding procession next day.

The Princess Alexandra specially distinguished herself in music, to which she was devoted; and in regard to studies not so attractive she once said, "We had to learn, for we were made to understand that it was necessary." The young Princess was clever with her needle, especially when some little girlish adornment was required, for she loved pretty clothes, and her allowance of pin-money was by no means large. She was very fond of dancing, and won great admiration at the little evening parties given by her grandparents at their palace in Copenhagen. Occasionally she was allowed to go to a dance at the house of one or another of her mother's friends; but these treats were rare, for the Princess Louise did not believe in too much excitement for young people, and certainly not in late hours. Christmas was a great occasion at the Gûle Palais. There was a small tree for each child, and a large centre tree laden with presents and glimmering with many lights, round which Princess Alexandra and her brothers and sisters danced in a merry ring on Holy Eve. Birthdays were also gay occasions, when each member of the family invited his or her particular little friends. The young Princesses were specially drilled in matters of deportment, for their soldier father liked to see them hold themselves erect and walk with a graceful motion. The straight back and beautiful carriage of Queen Alexandra are due to the gymnastics which she was made to practise in



MISS KNUDSEN, THE ENGLISH TEACHER OF
QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

tête-à-tête. She was at the garden-party the day before the wedding of the then Duke of York, and the Princess, catching sight of her standing apart from the gay throng, hastened to her side and accosted her in Danish, much to the astonishment of some of the great ladies present, who could not imagine who the plainly dressed old woman thus favoured could be. The Princess further arranged for her old teacher to have a good place in the stand of the courtyard of Marlborough

her early years. She was absolutely fearless in the saddle from the day when she was old enough to be mounted on a pony. It was, however, at her father's country Château of Bernstorff, some ten miles from Copenhagen, that Princess Alexandra chiefly enjoyed outdoor exercises.

The change in her father's position which gave her this lovely country home occurred when she was between eight and nine years old. As the then reigning King, Frederick VII., was childless, and his aged uncle also, the heir to the throne was the Princess Charlotte (wife of the Landgrave William of Hesse, and the maternal grandmother of Princess Alexandra), and there was no Salic law to prevent her accession in Denmark; but that bar existed in the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein, which then formed a portion of the Danish kingdom. An arrangement was finally arrived at by which the Princess Charlotte renounced her right in favour of her second daughter, Princess Louise, who in turn waived her claim in favour of her husband, Prince Christian. This was ratified by a protocol signed in London by the European Powers, May 8, 1852, providing that in default of male issue in the direct line of Frederick VII. the Danish crown should pass to Prince Christian and his wife Louise and their male heirs. Some minor German States, however, refused to sign the protocol; hence the war which later lost to Denmark the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein. By the above arrangement Prince Christian became the acknowledged heir to the throne, and the rank of Crown Prince, together with an

allowance from the State and the Château of Bernstorff, were given to him.

Queen Alexandra's early years were now divided into winters spent at the Gûle Palais as of yore, and summers passed at Bernstorff. It was a joyous time when, with the first coming of bright weather, the merry family set sail at Copenhagen harbour, and with the sacred *Daneborg* of their native land—the flag with a white cross on a red ground—flying at the mast, glided down the Sound to the pretty little landing-stage of Klampenborg, from whence they drove along the sea road (*Standvei*) to the white château in the woods, with miles of deer-forest stretching beyond. At Bernstorff studies were relaxed, the young Princesses going into Copenhagen for lessons every Tuesday and Friday. They lived largely in the open air, helping their mother at gardening and to cut and arrange flowers for the table and rooms. There were flowers everywhere about the château—a taste which Princess Alexandra later transferred to Sandringham. The beauty and serenity of this woodland home on the Sound was quite unique, and remains so to-day. There, in the midst of the illimitable woods, one forgets the stress of life. By road the château is approached through an avenue of stately elms, a mile and a half long; and under their shade the brothers and sisters galloped on their ponies along with their father, a remarkable horseman, from whom Queen Alexandra acquired her skill in the saddle. Dogs always accompanied the cavalcade—indeed, the pet animals at Bernstorff were legion, and again a

childhood's taste has been brought to Sandringham.

Early hours and plain living were the order of the day at Bernstorff. The family was practically astir with the lark, and after a light breakfast, spent the time in the woods until the sound of their mother's gong, or the well-known whistle of their father, brought them trooping home to *déjeuner*. The gong used by the late Queen Louise in these days, and at the sound of which Queen Alexandra must often have run for her life when a child, was later taken to Fredensborg, for the benefit of grandchildren, where I recently saw it

standing in one of the rooms. After *déjeuner*, a few hours were given to studies, and the early afternoon was spent walking or driving until dinner, taken in Danish style, at four o'clock. Then would come coffee, often served in the garden, to be followed by reading and needlework, or a walk into the village of Gjentoft, about a mile from the château, frequently on some errand of kindness, for the

young Princesses were trained by their mother to take a friendly interest in the village people. Prince Christian and the Princess Louise were pious Lutherans, and when at Bernstorff took their family without formality to the quaint red-tiled church of Gjentoft, and always welcomed

the pastor to their home. This church of Queen Alexandra's girlhood is more than ordinarily picturesque. It is surrounded by one of the most beautiful graveyards I ever saw, well called a garden of the dead. Paths with shady trees and flower borders traverse it, and each grave is in itself a



QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WITH HER FATHER, PRINCESS DAGMAR, AND PRINCE GEORGE.

flower-bed. On a summer evening the village people congregate in picturesque groups around the pump in the centre of the graveyard, there to have a gossip as they water and tend each his own particular spot in this beautiful God's-acre. In the distance the Sound can be seen stretching like a carpet of azure.

The life at the Bernstorff Château was frequently enlivened by the visits



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE AGE OF 19.

of friends from Copenhagen, when boating excursions and picnics in the wood, with plenty of fun and frolic, took place. Queen Alexandra might in those days have been seen taking a surreptitious ride in a woodman's cart, swinging merrily on the bough of a tree, or sitting on a shady bank weaving wreaths of wild-flowers for her own pretty head. On one occasion, when she had been entertaining some girl friends to tea in the woods, they fell to talking of what the unknown future might have in store for them, and each in turn said what she would like best to have. One wished to be clever and renowned, another to have great wealth and power, a third to travel far and see the wonders of the world; but when

it came to the turn of Princess Alexandra to tell her wish, she said: "I should like above all things to be loved."

The childhood of Queen Alexandra was not confined to the Gûle Palais and Bernstorff, for she began her travels abroad at the early age of two, when she was taken by her mother to visit her Hessian relations at the Palace of Rumpenheim, a lovely old house on the Maine, opposite Frankfort, to which she returned again and again, and of which she still retains the fondest recollections. As it played an important part in these early years, a short account of it will be of interest. Rumpenheim was rebuilt and beautified for the occupation of Princess Mary, daughter of

George II., who lived there in retirement for some years. In due course it descended to the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse, father of the late Duchess of Cambridge, and there he from year to year held reunions of the members of his house. Being anxious that the family connection should be kept up, the Landgrave Frederick bequeathed Rumpenheim jointly to his six children, one of whom was the late Duchess of Cambridge, the aunt of Queen Victoria, with the request that they and their descendants should meet there every second year. In accordance with this the various members of the Hessian family repaired to the old palace every other summer, bringing their own servants, having separate suites of rooms, and

all dining together in the great hall, much as the Danish Royal Family have done at Fredensborg of late years. It was at one of these delightful Rumpenheim reunions that the parents of Queen Alexandra had been betrothed, and there it was that she herself formed an early friendship with Princess Mary of Cambridge (the late Duchess of Teck), which led to her first introduction to the English Royal Family, her engagement to the Prince of Wales, and ultimately the marriage of her son to the daughter of Princess Mary. But this is to anticipate.

If we look back through the years to the summer of 1847, a pretty picture presents itself, which in the light of the present has a historic interest. In the large old garden of Rumpenheim a baby girl with laughing face and bright blue eyes, seated in a little carriage, is being pushed along the paths by a handsome girl of twelve, with a profusion of golden hair. The baby is *la petite Alexandrine*, and the beautiful girl at her side is Princess Mary of Cambridge. Here we have the beginning of one of the most cherished friendships of Queen Alexandra's life, which closed only with the death of Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck. Every second year they met at Rumpenheim, and as the years passed the difference in age apparently

lessened, and Princess Mary became to the Princess Alexandra like a dear elder sister. When about ten years old, the young Princess came to London on a visit to the Duchess of Cambridge—who was her mother's aunt—and Princess Mary, and was taken to a children's party given by Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. This was the only occasion on which Princess Alexandra visited England before her engagement to the Prince of Wales.

The recurring sojourns at Rumpenheim were educative, as well as of great pleasure to Princess Alexandra. There she spoke French, German, and English with her different cousins, took music lessons from a German teacher, occasionally attended the theatre or a concert at Frankfort, crossing the Maine by a ferry. Homburg and the Rhine resorts were within easy reach, and visits *en route* from Denmark were sometimes paid to the Court of Belgium. As the family party at Rumpenheim frequently numbered



THE PALACE OF RUMPENHEIM, NEAR FRANKFORT, WHERE QUEEN ALEXANDRA PAID MANY DELIGHTFUL VISITS DURING HER EARLY YEARS.

twenty or thirty visitors, as well as their suites, it can be readily understood that there were good opportunities for the enlarging and exchange of ideas among the young people. There was also plenty of wholesome gaiety : boating on the river, picnics, expeditions to places of historic interest in the district, and impromptu dances



PRINCESS DAGMAR.

in an evening. The young Danish Princesses were general favourites, and "Alix" easily carried the palm for beauty amongst her cousins. The late Duchess of Teck spoke of her even at this comparatively early age as being a "strikingly handsome girl."

A few weeks before her sixteenth birthday, Princess Alexandra, having been prepared for the rite by Pastor Pauli, was confirmed, along with her eldest brother, at the Chapel Royal

(*Slots Kirken*), Copenhagen, October 18, 1860, in the presence of King Frederick and a distinguished company. Confirmation has a very special significance in the Lutheran Church, and practically means an entrance into the responsibilities of life. To the young Princess it was something akin to "coming out." At this time she was given her own room in the Gûle Palais ; previously she and the Princess Dagmar had shared a bedroom and a sitting-room on a top story between them. Princess Alexandra's room was simply but tastefully upholstered in blue. There she had her piano, work-table, and a little cabinet for her girlish treasures. This is now kept at Sandringham. Not the stateliest apartment in the royal palaces here has given to Queen Alexandra the delight of this first room of her very own, in which she dreamed her day-dreams and wove her maiden fancies.

A characteristic incident occurred when she was leaving Copenhagen for her marriage. Just as she was about to enter the carriage with her parents to drive to the station, she ran back into the Gûle Palais and upstairs to say a second good-bye to her old room. For the next year her life continued in the same even tenor, until on the way to Rumpenheim, in 1861, something very interesting happened.

The Betrothal and Marriage of Queen Alexandra



QUEEN ALEXANDRA BEFORE HER BETROTHAL.

CHAPTER II

The Betrothal and Marriage of Queen Alexandra

Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher,
Melt into stars for the land's desire!
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand.
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-King's daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the Kings of the sea—
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own.

WHEN the betrothal and approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark was engaging the attention of Parliament, a zealous Protestant Member, Mr. Newdegate, rose in the House of Commons and asked Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, for a satisfactory assurance that Princess Alexandra was a Protestant. Lord Palmerston replied in a manner which created a diverting scene amongst the legislators. "When Her Majesty's Government," he began gravely, "considered it their duty to select a Consort for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, certain conditions were laid down as indispensable—'She must be young,'" he continued with a half-suppressed smile. (Hear, hear, from all parts of the House.) "She must be handsome." (Loud cheers and cries

of "Bravo!" from the younger Members.) "She must be well brought up." (Hear, hear, and nods of approval from elderly gentlemen.) "And finally, 'she must be a Protestant,'" an announcement which was almost drowned by the acclamations of Mr. Newdegate and his friends. If the Prime Minister and "Her Majesty's Government" did select the bride for the heir to the throne, their choice did them infinite credit, and we are not surprised that Lord Palmerston was anxious to claim the glory for such discernment; however, the wooing of the fair Danish Princess was not conducted by the Government, it being merely an accomplice after the fact.

The authentic record of the negotiations and incidents which finally led to the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra of

Denmark is as follows: In the year 1859 Admiral C. Van Dockum was Danish Ambassador to this country, and in his "Memoirs" he speaks of a desire on the part of Denmark to effect an alliance with England from political motives. A possible marriage between the young Prince of Wales and the eldest daughter of Prince Christian, the heir to the Danish throne, was mooted in the Admiral's house in London, and an English lady of high position said laughingly to his wife, "Would it not be strange if we two ladies were able to bring it about?" the distinguished lady adding that she would invite Prince Christian and his family to visit her in London. The

then Prime Minister of Denmark was equally anxious with the Ambassador for the English alliance, but as he retired from office shortly afterwards, the idea fell into abeyance. The account given of these little negotiations is deposited by Admiral Van Dockum in the State Archives at Copenhagen. A year or two later the *dénouement* took place on more natural lines. In 1861 rumours had reached the English

Court of the exceeding loveliness of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Sir (then Mr.) Augustus Paget and his charming and accomplished wife, who had before her marriage been a Maid of Honour to the Crown Princess of Prussia (the late Empress Frederick), at that time reigned at the British Embassy in Copenhagen,

and I have the best authority for saying that Sir Augustus Paget was the first to again suggest in diplomatic circles the Princess Alexandra as a suitable bride for the Prince of Wales, while Lady Paget's glowing accounts of the young Princess in letters home to her friends reached the ears of the Prince of Wales and aroused his



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1863.

curiosity. About the same time the Prince had an accidental sight of the Princess's portrait. He was whiling away a summer's afternoon along with friends near his own age, one of whom had recently become engaged to be married, and this gentleman drew from his pocket a portrait which his friends at first imagined to be his *fiancée*. It was the picture of a young girl simply dressed in a white

frock, a band of black velvet ribbon round her fair throat, and her hair smoothed back from the brows, revealing a face of great loveliness. The Prince desired to know who the beautiful *ingénue* might be, and received for answer, "The daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark." A few days later the Prince encountered the same fair face in a miniature at the house of his grand-aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge, and received from Princess Mary a charming account of the original, whom she had known from childhood — as already shown in the previous chapter — at the family reunions at the Palace of Rumpenheim. At this time several European princesses were under consideration as likely to

be suitable brides for the Prince of Wales, but Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, now actuated by their son's inclinations and the favourable accounts which they had received from the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary, and also from Leopold I., King of the Belgians, regarding Princess Alexandra, arranged for the Prince of Wales to meet her informally. Accordingly in the autumn of 1861 the Prince of Wales went to Germany, ostensibly on a visit to his sister, the Crown Princess, who was in favour of the proposed match, and accompanied by

his tutor proceeded to inspect some of the European art galleries and churches. About the same time the Princess Alexandra set out from Copenhagen with her father, ostensibly to pay the usual visit to Rumpenheim, but it was deemed advisable that she also should inspect some of the famous galleries and resorts *en route*. The first meeting between the Prince and Princess took place at Spires on



ON THE LAWN AT BERNSTORFF.

September 24, 1861, and the next day they renewed their acquaintance at Heidelberg, with the happiest results "We hear," wrote the Prince Consort, a few days later, "nothing but excellent accounts of the Princess Alexandra"; adding, "The young people seem to have a warm liking for each other." When the meeting took place the Prince was nineteen and the Princess seventeen, and after this "preliminary peep" at each other, if we may so phrase it, they departed on their several ways. When the Princess reached the Palace of Rumpenheim she found that

rumour had been busy over the meeting at Heidelberg, and the Hessian cousins came around her asking the news. Princess Alexandra conclusively answered all inquiries by exclaiming, with a mischievous laugh, "I have got him here," and drew a portrait of the Prince of Wales from her pocket.

This auspicious beginning of the Princess's acquaintance with her future husband was clouded some two months



PRINCESS DAGMAR.

later by the fatal illness of the Prince Consort, which entirely incapacitated the sorrowing Queen from entering into the question of her son's marriage. Immediately after the death of his father, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Dean (then Dr.) Stanley, started for a prolonged tour in the East; but there is no reason to suppose that the fascination of visiting the Holy Land, even with such a guide as Dean Stanley, turned the Prince's thoughts from love. Meantime, the beautiful object of his reveries was leading her simple

home-life in the Gûle Palais and at Bernstorff. In the following summer she again went abroad with her parents, and met the Prince of Wales at the Belgian Court. There were picnics in the woods near Brussels, and a very happy day was spent by the young couple at Villers Abbey, when some young country girls, dressed in white, presented a bouquet to Princess Alexandra. The young Princess also made a sketch of the Abbey ruins, which was of course much admired and promptly taken possession of by the Prince. The lovers, accompanied by the Princess's father, travelled from Brussels to Cologne together, where they parted, the Prince to join his mother, who was visiting the Rosenau Castle, the birthplace of the late Prince Consort, and the Princess to proceed to the usual family gathering at Rumpenheim. In the following September it was arranged for her to visit Queen Victoria, who was staying with the King of the Belgians. Princess Alexandra was at once taken to the heart of the sorrowing Queen, and her formal betrothal to the Prince of Wales took place privately at the palace of Laeken, September 9, 1862.

On the return of the Princess to Copenhagen a great demonstration took place when she next appeared at the theatre, the audience rising to show their recognition of her betrothal. It was not publicly announced in London until the following November, on the eve of the Prince's twenty-first birthday. Soon afterwards the Princess Alexandra was brought by her father on a prolonged visit to Queen Victoria at Osborne.

The young Princess made a most pleasing impression on all who met her, and the nation was in raptures over the coming nuptials. During this visit Princess Alexandra found just the kind of helpful, sympathetic friend she needed in Princess Mary of Cambridge, for at this time the overwhelming sorrow of Queen Victoria made it impossible for her to take the personal interest in her son's young *fiancée* and the preparations for her wedding which she would have done in happier times. After her father had returned to Denmark, Princess Alexandra felt a natural timidity at finding herself alone amidst the unaccustomed surroundings of a foreign Court, and relied greatly on her Cambridge relations for advice and sympathy in her rather overwhelming position.

When she came from Osborne on a visit to Windsor, she was met by Princess Mary, who thus records the event in her diary: "Darling Alix too overjoyed at meeting to speak. Later played in Alix's room *en souvenir de Rumpenheim*; then accompanied her through the state rooms." The friends spent many happy hours together selecting and planning the trousseau, the greater part of which was made in



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE, LATE DUCHESS OF TECK.
From a portrait at White Lodge by Winterhalter, by permission of His Serene Highness the Duke of Teck.

London of goods of British and Irish manufacture, with the exception of the *lingerie*, which was prepared in Copenhagen; and Princess Alexandra was greatly assisted in her choice of things by the exquisite taste and experienced judgment of the Princess Mary. One could not imagine a more delightful counsellor at such a time.

Prince Christian came again to England to escort his daughter home,

after she had completed her marriage preparations in this country, and the succeeding weeks were spent by the establishment of Mr. Levysohn, where the bridal *lingerie* was on view. Each article was embroidered with the bride's initials below a representation of the English crown. No machine was allowed to touch these fairy-like garments, and several hundreds of women and girls were employed on the fine stitching and embroideries.



*Medal Guldfor (Guld) Præst.
Christian IX
König af Danmark*

THE KING OF DENMARK AT THE TIME OF HIS ACCESSION.

Princess in leave-takings amongst her friends and relations in Copenhagen, where the greatest excitement prevailed over the coming event. Medals of the Prince and Princess were displayed in the shop windows, and the Danish ladies flocked day by day to the

Princess's brothers and sisters, to be a souvenir of home; and the Princess Augusta presented the twelve chief prayers of the English Church painted by herself on vellum in the illuminated style of the Middle Ages. The Maids of Honour at the Danish Court gave a

Many deputations came to the Gûle Palais to present felicitations and presents to the beloved Princess: 100,000 kroners was subscribed as the people's dowry; the King, Frederick VII., arrived from his Palace of Fredericksburg bearing a superb diamond and pearl necklace, with the *facsimile* of the famous cross, sacred to the memory of the venerated Queen Dagmar, as his bridal gift to his young kinswoman; the Dowager Queen, amongst other gifts, gave an oil painting of a group of the

costly fan, and appropriate offerings were brought by deputations from various young ladies' associations in Copenhagen. The shoemakers of the city subscribed a pair of gold-embroidered shoes, and a school-master from Falster arrived at the palais with an English Bible one hundred years old. Many costly presents came from the Courts of Europe, where the coming marriage was universally spoken of as *La Belle Alliance*. King Leopold of Belgium, the godfather of the match, presented the bride with a superb Brussels lace dress. Nothing probably appealed more to the heart of Princess Alexandra than the simple offering brought by the villagers of Gjentofte ere she quitted Bernstorff, her loved country home. The aged pastor headed the deputation to the château, and in presenting the porcelain vases, prettily arranged in a basket with the Danish and English colours, as a gift from his flock, spoke simple, tender words of respect and affection which brought tears to the young Princess's eyes.

Everywhere the smiles of congratulation were tempered by looks of regret. In a private letter written by a lady in Copenhagen at this time a pleasing insight is given into the home-life of Princess Alexandra and the beautiful

character of the late Queen Louise. At this time the Princess and her mother took a special interest in mat-



Virtute et Fidelitate
Louise
Queen of
Denmark

THE LATE QUEEN LOUISE OF DENMARK.

ters connected with the English Church in Copenhagen, and the writer of the letter quoted had been spending

a day at the Gûle Palais assisting in arranging prizes for a church charity. The conversation naturally turned to the coming marriage, and the bride's mother, taking from her bosom a medal of the Prince of Wales, said with tears in her eyes: "One ought to be very glad at such a match, but I am both sorry and glad—sorry at losing my daughter, and glad at giving her to such an amiable young man." "She is so domesticated," continues the lady, with regard to Princess Alexandra's mother, "and loves her children so much, one cannot help feeling for her parting with the Princess. When my little boy had the whooping-cough, she sent me such an excellent recipe for him; and little incidents like these show the goodness of her heart and the interest she takes in daily life. She has been a devoted mother to her children, and the Princess Alexandra could not have been better brought up than in such a home as she has had."

The Princess Louise was most particular with regard to the books which came into the hands of her daughters, and the first and only novel which Princess Alexandra read before her marriage was the "Heir of Redclyffe." It had been lent to her by her English teacher, Miss Mathilde Knudsen, and she finished it the last evening before leaving Copenhagen. Next day Miss Knudsen went to the Gûle Palais to have a sorrowful look at her beloved pupil's forsaken rooms, and took away the book from the Princess's dressing-table, where it lay just as she had left it. This incident, which I had the pleasure of communicating to

Miss Yonge, was not known to the veteran authoress, and there is a sad interest in the note which she wrote only a few days before her death.

"ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,

"March 13,

"DEAR MADAME—I never heard anything of the Queen's interest in my books, only that the Duke of Clarence mentioned one as a favourite.

"Yours truly,

"C. M. YONGE."

Shortly before she left for England, Princess Alexandra was instructed in the rites of the Episcopal Church by the Rev. M. S. Ellis, Chaplain to the British Legation in Copenhagen, and his daughters have to-day a pleasing memory of the bride's eager desire to be conversant with the religion of her adopted country, and to fully understand the differences which existed between it and the Lutheran form of Protestantism. The last public service attended by the Princess before her departure was at the beautiful Frue Kirke (Church of St. Mary), containing the sacred marbles of Thorwaldsen, and the sermon was preached by her old friend, Pastor Pauli. At the close of his discourse the pastor pronounced a moving farewell and benediction over the young girl whose spiritual welfare had been his care from her earliest years.

Previous to the departure of the Princess, several big social functions took place in Copenhagen to mark the event. The Ambassador, Sir Augustus Paget, gave a great ball at the British Embassy, when the representatives of the English colony in Denmark had

an opportunity of meeting their country's bride. All the Danish royalties were present. The bride's grandfather, the Landgrave of Hesse, also gave a ball at his palais, and Prince Christian held

the Gûle Palais. Only the other day one of them related to the writer the affectionate interest which our beloved Queen still takes in those whom she knew in her youthful days. "If



THE QUEEN AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.

From a painting by Lauchert in the Royal Collection at Windsor.

a reception in his daughter's honour, to which all the *élite* of the capital were invited, and at the close Princess Alexandra took leave of her friends. She said good-bye to her former masters and teachers at a private audience at

I were to characterise the Queen," said one of them to me, "I should call her 'Alexandra the Faithful'; she will never give up an old friend."

At length, on the afternoon of February 28, 1863, Princess Alexandra,

accompanied by her parents and her brothers and sisters, even to the youngest, Prince Valdemar, set forth from the home of her childhood *en route* for England. It was nearly a hundred years since a Danish princess had left to be married in another land. The greatest demonstrations of affection were shown during her progress from the Gûle Palais, through Copenhagen to the railway station. The streets

open country, the people ran along the railway line to catch a last glimpse of her fair face, and the cottagers decked the hedgerows with royal favours. A great reception awaited her at Hamburg, and she was compelled to appease the clamour of the crowd by appearing at the window of her hotel. Thence she proceeded on a short visit to the Court of Hanover, continuing her triumphal progress by way of Cologne to Brussels, where the royal party spent three days with King Leopold at Laeken, to give the Princess a little rest after the excitement of the journey.

It was rather a singular coincidence that the name of the engine which brought her train from Cologne to Brussels was called "The Blucher," and the engine-driver's name was Wellington. The King of Denmark's ship, the *Sleswig*, had conveyed the bride from Korsor to Kiel, but after leaving Brussels she embarked at Antwerp in the *Victoria and Albert*, proceeding to Flushing and crossing the Channel under the English flag, escorted by a flotilla of British men-of-war—a sea-king's daughter magnificently attended. At night, as the squadron lay on the dark but singularly smooth waters of the Channel, it looked like a scene from fairyland. Each vessel was in gala dress, and glowed from stem to stern with coloured lights. The sailors had gallantly hung out lanterns in the shape of the letter A. For miles the illuminations spread their light over the sea, and showers of rockets filled the air.

At eight o'clock on the morning of March 7 the Princess was roused from her slumbers by the booming



THE KING AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE.

were lined with spectators; ladies in full dress crowded the windows and balconies and threw bouquets into the carriage of the Princess as it passed. One who witnessed the spectacle has described to the writer how sweetly the Princess bowed and smiled through her tears. At the station she received an address from the city officials and dignitaries of State, and an overwhelming ovation from the assembled crowd. As the royal train emerged into the

of guns in Margate Roads, which told that she had entered English waters. Margate had the honour of presenting the first address to the

with pleasure-boats filled with people eager to catch a first glimpse of her.

When at length the *Victoria and Albert* came in view of Gravesend, such



THE QUEEN IN 1863.

bride, a deputation from the town coming out in a boat to the royal yacht. At Sheerness and Southend great demonstrations of welcome awaited the Princess, and the sea was covered

a shout rent the air that the Princess, standing on deck in a simple white frock, was seen to cling with a startled look to her mother's arm. After acknowledging the tumultuous

demonstration, she quickly disappeared from the deck, for the signal had been received that the Prince's yacht was coming out, and she must prepare to meet her bridegroom. When she again emerged from her cabin the Princess looked regally lovely in a dress of mauve Irish poplin (manufactured by Messrs. Fry, of Dublin), a long cloak of purple velvet bordered with sable, and a white poked bonnet of the most approved fashion trimmed with rose-buds. Curious people in boats said that in the interval pending the arrival of the Prince, a lovely face was seen peering now at one cabin window and then at another. As he approached the door of the saloon the Princess advanced to meet him, and the lovers' kiss which passed between them left nothing to be desired—the British public was hugely delighted and more than satisfied. As she advanced along the pier, sixty young girls of Kent, dressed in the red and white colours of Denmark, strewed flowers beneath the feet of the fair Danish rose transplanted to bloom in English air. The pier was festooned with orange-blossoms, and in front of it was the motto, *Velcomen du Udvalgte*—“Welcome, thou chosen one.” Various addresses and bouquets were presented as the Princess first touched English soil at Gravesend, and none pleased her more than the address of welcome presented by a deputation of Danish ladies on behalf of their people in London. She replied, with many smiles and bows, *Tak, tusind Tak*. The engine of the train conveying the royal party from Gravesend to London was driven by the Earl of Caithness, who went slowly,

to allow people along the line to see his fair freight. A halt was made at the Bricklayer's Arms Station for luncheon, and then began the never-to-be-forgotten progress to Paddington, *en route* for Windsor.

The entry of Princess Alexandra into London was one of the most remarkable events of the kind in history, unequalled even by the demonstration which greeted Marie Antoinette when she came a bride to Paris. Veteran sightseers, with recent pageants in their mind, say that they have never seen anything to equal the crowds which flocked to greet the Prince's bride. Nearly every house had its emblems of welcome, and despite the keen March air every point on the route was filled with people from an early hour in the morning. The huge crowds, which at some parts got entirely beyond the control of the police, surged around the Princess's carriage, many people trying even to grasp her hand. Nothing but the feeling of chivalry which her fair young face inspired saved her from catastrophe. Only once, when the crowd at the Mansion House pressed upon the wheels of her carriage and nearly overturned it, did she lose her nerve. The Prince, who behaved with the greatest coolness throughout, quickly calmed her fears, but the members of the Danish suite rose in their carriages with alarm. Lord Alfred Paget, the Prince's equerry, rendered invaluable aid in piloting the procession through the crowds. “Now, my good fellows,” he would say when the carriage came to a standstill, “we want to get on to Windsor, pray let us pass!” and the Princess would look a pretty appeal,

and the roughs made way with a cheer. The poorest people had wedding favours pinned on to their rags, and the blind literally came out to see. The youth whose head the Princess extricated from her carriage wheel has become historic; so, too, has the dog which got its head wedged between the hoops of a lady's crinoline in the crush on London Bridge.

What rendered the enthusiasm the more remarkable was that the procession itself was, according to contemporary writers, poor even to shabbiness—bad horses, old carriages, and no show of state except a detachment of Life Guards; but the gracious bows of the Princess made amends for everything, and the girlish abandon with which she enjoyed the gay spectacle as she passed along the arched and festooned streets, feeling, as she afterwards said, "like a figure in some romantic pageant," evoked the wildest enthusiasm. Mr. Justin McCarthy, who viewed the scene from Trafalgar Square, thus

This Marriage was solemnized between His Most Excellent Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall &c. and the Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louisa Julia, Daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark, on this tenth day of March One thousand eight hundred and sixty three

Albert Edward

Alexandre

This Marriage was solemnized in the presence of His, on the day above mentioned:—

Tutorially

Anna Pof Denmark

Louisa Pof Denmark

Victoria Pof Denmark

Queen Pof Hapsburg, Austria & Ireland

Helena

Louise

Frederick William Prince of Prussia
Prince of Hohenzollern

Arthur

Leopold.

Friedrich Prince of Denmark

William Prince of Denmark

Dagmar Princess of Denmark

John Prince of Denmark

Augusta

Mary Adelaide

George

Robert

Carl Wilhelm Prince of Prussia

Edward Prince of Prussia

Marie Henriette Princess of Prussia

Philip, Duke of Flanders

Ernest, Prince of Saxony

Julius Victor

This signature was this day added to the Register. His Excellency has been invited to sign on the 10th instant. I did so on the 11th.

Prince William, Prince of Prussia

August Prince of Prussia

Westphalia

Granville

August

Palmerston
Edward George Howard
Russell
G. Grey

Timbrell

J. Gomers

Hyde

Adelberg

Elizabeth Wellington

Spencer

W. Russell

Stanning

London

Winton

Loxon

Christie

Wicks

Cooper / Under

describes his impressions : "The beauty of the Princess Alexandra had been so noisily trumpeted that one's natural instinct was to feel disappointed when she came in sight ; but it was impossible to feel disappointment, or anything but admiration at the sight of that bright, fair face, so transparent in the clearness of its complexion, so delicate and refined in its outlines, so sweet and gracious in its expression."

The time estimated had been exceeded by several hours when the royal party at length reached Paddington, whence they travelled by train to Windsor. Rain had now begun to fall, and considerably marred the reception which the royal borough had prepared for the bride. She was obliged to drive in a closed carriage to the Castle, where at length, almost fainting with fatigue, she was clasped in the motherly arms of Queen Victoria. "Since womankind existed," wrote Thackeray on the reception given to the Princess Alexandra, "has any woman ever had such a greeting? The calculators are squabbling about the numbers of hundreds and thousands of millions who came forth to see her and bid her welcome. Imagine beacons flaming, rockets blazing, yards manned, ships and forts saluting with their thunder, every steamer and vessel, every town and village from Ramsgate to Gravesend swarming with happy gratulation ; young girls with flowers scattering roses before her ; staid citizens and aldermen pushing and squeezing and panting to make the speech and bow the knee and bid her welcome ! . . . How many hundreds of thousands of photographs of the fair, bright face have by this time made it beloved and familiar

in British homes ! Think of all the quiet country nooks from Land's End to Caithness where kind eyes have glanced at it. The farmer brings it home from market ; the curate from his visit to the cathedral town ; the rustic folk peer at it in the little village shop window ; the squire's children gaze on it round the drawing-room table ; every eye that beholds it looks tenderly on its bright beauty and sweet, artless, grace, and young and old pray, God bless her."

Numberless were the odes and verses which the Princess inspired, from the beautiful, spirited poem of Tennyson to the efforts of humble rhymesters ; but the excellent Martin Tupper carried the palm for the quantity of welcomes which he gave in his poem beginning :

A hundred thousand welcomes,
And a hundred thousand more.

He contrived to get 900,000 welcomes into twenty lines. Society was seized with a kind of Scandinavian fever. The papers had elaborate articles on "Our Norse Ancestors" and kindred topics, and tours for visiting the then almost unknown Denmark were enthusiastically organised. The feeling was reciprocated by the Danes, and one curious evidence of this was the abolition from the streets of Copenhagen of the old watchmen, with their long-tailed coats, for new police on the English model. The impetus which the royal nuptials gave to matrimony was alarming, and appears to have reached an acute stage among the girls of Manchester, for in the February before the wedding a paper of that city contained this advertisement : "Two young ladies (19 and 20) wish to form

a matrimonial alliance with two gentlemen in eight weeks."

On the morning of March 10 the Princess Alexandra went forth from Windsor Castle to St. George's Chapel in the splendour of her bridal attire. She looked very pale and tremulous as she waited in the pink boudoir prepared for her at St. George's, ere the moment came for her to enter the chapel. She wore a bridal gown of white satin trimmed with Honiton lace flounces, and festooned with orange-blossoms, having a train of silver *moiré* ornamented to correspond. The lace was made at Mr. Tucker's establishment at Branscomb, near Sidmouth, and the pattern, representing the rose, shamrock, and thistle, was designed by Miss Tucker. The bride's veil was of Honiton lace surmounted by a wreath of orange-blossoms, and a coronet of diamonds in the Greek style, introducing the Prince of Wales' plumes, a gift from the bridegroom. The other jewels worn by the bride were a necklace, brooch, and earrings of pearls and diamonds, the gift of the Prince; an opal and diamond bracelet, a present from Queen Victoria; the superb necklace of diamonds given by the City Corporation, which was valued at £10,000; a diamond bracelet from the ladies of Leeds; and a diamond and opal bracelet from the ladies of Manchester. Mr. James Veitch, of the Royal Nursery, King's Road, Chelsea, had the honour of presenting the bridal bouquet, which was composed of orange-blossoms, white rose-buds, rare orchids, lilies of the valley, and sprigs of myrtle from the famous bush at Osborne. The holder was carved out of rock crystal, and was

inlaid with diamonds, emeralds, and pink coral, and had a chain of gold and pearls. This princely gift was from the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing. The wedding ring selected by the Prince for his bride was massive, and the keeper was set with six precious stones, arranged so that the letters of the names spelled "Bertie"—Beryl, Emerald, Ruby, Turquoise, Jacynth, Emerald. A plain gold wedding ring was also made for the bridegroom, and was inscribed with "Alexandra." The Prince gave the bridesmaids crystal lockets with pink pearls and diamonds, to represent the red and white colours of Denmark. Princess Alice had designed the lockets, and the possessor of one informs me that they were the first crystal lockets ever made. The bridesmaids presented the bride with a diamond and enamel bracelet, divided into eight compartments, in each of which was a portrait of one of the bridesmaids, with her initials in diamonds. The ladies who had the honour of attending Queen Alexandra to the altar were:

- Lady Victoria Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch.
- Lady Victoria Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk.
- Lady Agneta Yorke, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke.
- Lady Feodore Wellesley, daughter of the Earl of Cowley.
- Lady Diana Beauclerk, daughter of the Duke of St. Albans.
- Lady Georgiana Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn.
- Lady Elma Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin.
- Lady Eleanor Hare, daughter of the Earl of Listowel.



MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, MARCH 10, 1863.
From a painting by W. P. Frith, R.A., in possession of the King (Hudson).

All are living to-day, and all married save one. The bridesmaids' dresses were of white silk covered with tulle, looped with blush roses, shamrock, and heather, the thistle being for once abandoned; and the wreaths were to correspond, having tulle veils falling from the back. A lovelier picture than the bride's procession it would be difficult to imagine.

On the morning of this memorable March 10, rank and fashion flock to Windsor, and by noon St. George's Chapel is a scene of extraordinary splendour. Below, the

Knighly banners, whose varying glory
Fills the chapel with coloured gleams,
Made to hallow St. George's story,
And copy the old chivalric dreams,

rise tier above tier, the loveliest and stateliest in the land. Jewels flash, uniforms glitter, and the Knights of the Garter sweep past in their trains of purple velvet. In their allotted places are Dickens, Thackeray, Stanley, Kingsley, Tennyson, and others whose names are engraven upon the nation's record. A befeater stands beside each pillar, looking like a statue from the Middle Ages. The heralds in their tabards are marvellous to behold. Trumpeters blow their silver clarions, the gold-laced drummer beats his march, and a white-robed throng chant around the organ. Now the strains of the National Anthem announce the approach of the processions of the Queen's guests and the various members of the Royal Family. There is the Crown Princess of Prussia, with her restive little son (the German Emperor) clinging to her arm, and sweet Princess Alice, led tenderly by her husband, Prince Louis

of Hesse, and the Queen's younger daughters dressed in white, and carrying bouquets of flowers in the Danish colours. Princess Mary of Cambridge sails up the nave with her lilac *moiré* train and Honiton lace, looking the embodiment of earthly magnificence. Then comes the bridegroom, wearing the purple robe of the Garter, and as he waits before the altar, his glance is directed at the royal pew above, where the Queen sits, a sorrowful figure in her widow's weeds. Soon the shouts of the crowds outside, the pealing of the organ within, and the fanfare of the trumpeters announce the approach of the bride. She had entered London three days before, flushed and joyous; now she is pale as the robe she wears, and advances with slow steps and downcast eyes. "A maiden," writes Thackeray, "on the bridegroom's threshold, a princess led up to the steps of a throne." There is a buzz of admiration as the lovely vision appears. "Her face," wrote Dickens, "was very pale, and full of a sort of awe and wonder, but the face of no ordinary bride, not simply a timid, shrinking girl, but one with character distinctive of her own, prepared to act a part greatly. . . . There was no one present who did not feel the effect of that slowness of progress which carried the bride so gradually and with such almost imperceptible movement past them. Once or twice, and more particularly as she neared the steps that led to the choir, she seemed to pause altogether, and then she was seen for a moment at the other end of the church, passing behind the screen, to appear no more as the Princess

Alexandra of Denmark." "The wedding was the most moving sight I ever saw," wrote Bishop Wilberforce. "The Queen above looking down added such a wonderful chord of deep feeling to all the lighter notes of joyfulness and show. The Princess of Wales, calm, feeling, self-possessed. The Prince with more depth of manner than ever before. Princess Mary's entrance was grand. The little Prince William of Prussia, between his two little uncles to keep him quiet, both of whom he—the Crown Princess told me—bit on the bare Highland legs whenever they touched him to keep him quiet." The supreme moment of this beautiful and touching historic scene came when the bridal hymn, set to music by the late Prince Consort, pealed through the chapel, led by the incomparable voice of Jenny Lind, and Queen Victoria bowed her head in her hands.

The wedding breakfast was served with the utmost State magnificence in St. George's Hall, the famous gold service being used. The table was arranged by a lady florist, Miss Yates, of Baker Street, with eight large stands and twelve smaller ones filled with orange-blossoms, myrtle, jessamine, azaleas, and snowdrops. The wedding cake was a work of art, standing six feet high, and encircled with eight floral garlands. The Queen's female servants wore white muslin dresses trimmed with mauve, and having wedding favours. In the afternoon the bridal pair left for Osborne, the Princess looking charming in her dress of white silk. One cannot but contrast the joyous days of her honeymoon with the sad scenes through which Queen Alexandra has recently passed in this same fair home on the Solent.

The Princess Adopts her New Country



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1866.
Collection Augustin Rischgitz, London, W.

CHAPTER III

The Princess Adopts her New Country

Such melting tenderness, so fond to bless,
Her charity almost become excess.
Wealth may be courted, Wisdom be revered,
And Beauty praised, and brutal strength be feared,
But Goodness only can affection move,
And love must owe its origin to love.

—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

WHEN the Princess Alexandra of Denmark was on the eve of departure for her marriage, an old friend of her grandfather, the Landgrave of Hesse, said to her one evening at the palace of the latter in Copenhagen: "I see from the English papers that great preparations are being made for your reception; you are evidently a great favourite." The young Princess replied with feeling: "Yes, it is all very splendid, but it is being done for the sake of the Queen and the Prince of Wales; the English people do not know me yet—that they have to learn." This modest answer carried with it the suggestion that the Princess was making her girlish resolve that the strange land whither she was going should find her worthy of its affection.

The first year of her new life abundantly proved that she had

achieved her desire. The remarkable demonstration accorded the Princess on her first arrival did not die of its own exuberance, leaving her the neglected "nine days' wonder" of a fickle public, and it was her own inexpressible charm of manner, lovableness of disposition, as well as beauty, which so quickly and permanently enshrined her in the hearts of all classes. Even the loud trumpeting of her loveliness did not create jealousy or depreciation in society. Her unaffected kindness and simplicity disarmed criticism, and shrewd judges of the elements of social success prophesied that in years to come she would be a royally gracious woman.

The change from the simple, semi-private life to which the Princess had hitherto been accustomed to the splendours of a Court where she, an inexperienced girl of nineteen, found

herself the central figure, was overwhelming, and might in a less beautiful nature have resulted in an imperious demeanour. The young bride had the ball of destiny at her feet, and she used her power wisely. The Queen was more than satisfied with her son's choice—the "Fairy," as she fondly called her; and Princess Alice, writing of her sister-in-law at this period, says: "Dear Alix is so tactful and true." If the Princess of Wales kept a level head amidst the adulation which surrounded her in the first months of her marriage, it certainly did not arise from insensibility. She confessed to one of her old friends that at first she felt overpowered by her position, while her letters to intimates at this period were full of a girlish delight in her new dresses and beautiful jewels.

The following little stories, which I heard from those well acquainted with the Princess's youth, will serve to illustrate the contrast between her past life and that upon which she was now entering. "Mamma," said the Princess Alexandra one day, "why may not Dagmar and I walk out in muslin dresses, like the Countess M——?" "Because," replied her mother, "your father is not a rich man, and muslin dresses cost so much to be got up." There were not many servants at the Gûle Palais, and the young Princesses were required to dust their own rooms and to make themselves useful at meal-times. A gentleman who one day was invited to partake of the informal family luncheon at the palais, recalls that the butter-dish chanced to need re-

plenishing, and the Princess Louise, instead of summoning a servant, turned to her eldest daughter and said, "Alexandra, will you fetch some more butter?" and the future Queen of the British Empire departed willingly and gracefully on the homely errand to the larder.

But despite these small domesticities, of which our beloved Queen is far too high-minded to feel any dislike at their being known, the atmosphere of her home had its own stately dignity, and she and her sisters were taught graciousness of demeanour from their cradles, and that other requisite so essential to a royal personage—punctuality. The late Queen Louise was very lenient with her children in many respects, but if "Alexandra," or "Dagmar," or "Thyra" came in late to meals or lessons they were liable to be locked up in their rooms as a punishment. Princess Alexandra was not the most punctual one of the family, and it sometimes happened that when she was going out with her parents and sisters she arrived late in the dining-room, having spent an extra time in dressing, and for this misdemeanour she was requested to drink her coffee standing. It has been well said of the Princess's mother, that she trained her daughters "to be natural girls and useful women first of all, and princesses afterwards."

Thus reared, it is not surprising that the young Princess of Wales was a great social success. After the honeymoon of nine days at Osborne, she and the Prince returned to London, and on March 20 held an evening reception at St. James' Palace, at



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN WINDSOR PARK.

Collection Augustin Rischgitz, London, W.

which they received the *élite* of the aristocracy and the political chiefs. On this occasion her beauty and grace won universal admiration, and trying as the ordeal must have been, the Princess with her unflinching tact smiled her way through all difficulties. She had the support on this occasion of her parents, who, with their family, prolonged their stay in London for a short time after the wedding. A pleasing description of Queen Alexandra as she appeared on this occasion is given by Lady Waterford: "At the Friday reception," she says, "I saw the graceful charming young Princess, and she in no way disappointed me. There was something charming in that very young pair walking up the room together. Her graceful bows and carriage you will delight in, and she

has—with lovely youth and well-formed features—a look of great intelligence, beyond that of a merely pretty girl. She wore her coronet of diamonds and a very long-trained gown of cloth of silver trimmed with lace, pearl and diamond necklace, bracelet and stomacher, and two love-locks of rich brown hair floated on her shoulders." The invitations to the reception were limited to five hundred, and among the guests were many historic figures of the period.

The perennial youth of Queen Alexandra makes one forget that at her coming there remained a remnant of the social life of the early Victorian era. Her Majesty has witnessed a great change in Society, and her first reception forms a remarkable contrast to recent State ceremonials.

In 1863, that wonderful old pair Lord Palmerston and Lady "Pam" dispensed hospitality at Cambridge House, with the old-time courtliness peculiar to them, and were marked figures at all assemblies. To the end of her days Lady "Pam" called china "chiney," and adhered to the manners and pronunciations which were the fashion in her youth, while Lord "Pam" was quite a beau at seventy-nine, and on the night of the reception paid court to the young bride in his finest style.

Other figures of the *regime* then passing away were Queen Victoria's aunts, the stately Duchesses of Cambridge and Gloucester, and with them the hitherto reigning belle of the royal circle, Princess Mary of Cambridge, who now divided the honours with the lovely new-comer. At this time rank and fashion still flocked to old St. James's on drawing-room days, State functions not yet having been transferred to Buckingham Palace.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton was the writer *par excellence* of Society novels, and the ladies raved over her golden-haired Apollos, and whispered of the doings of her rakish ladies of fashion.

Emily Faithfull was then printer and publisher to Her Majesty the Queen, and, as was fitting, brought out "A Welcome to Alexandra" in a marvellous cover of green and gold. Inspired to yet greater loyalty, the lady publisher started two months after the marriage *The Victoria Magazine*. The newly founded *Queen* was then the only lady's newspaper. These were the days when George Eliot and Trollope were serial writers in the *Cornhill*,

under the editorship of Thackeray, and Mrs. Oliphant was contributing "The Chronicles of Carlingford" to *Blackwood*. Charles Kingsley had just published "The Waterbabies," and the book quite took the fancy of the young bride.

And what shall we say of the fashions of that period? Ladies were all crinoline! and it was whispered that in view of this the Lord Chamberlain had been obliged to rigorously restrict the invitations to the Princess's reception, as the corridors and doorways of St. James's Palace were narrow. To meet the exigency of hoops it was proposed that a spacious gallery should be built over Friary Court to connect Marlborough House—then newly prepared as the town residence of the Prince and his bride—with St. James's Palace, and that the gallery should be fitted up as a magnificent ball- and reception-room. The idea, however, was not carried out.

The crinolines were shockingly in the way at the exhibition of the wedding presents at South Kensington Museum. The crush of ladies was tremendous, and wits about town averred that some of the fair sex had their crinolines torn off while they were standing lost in admiration of the Princess's jewels. There were persistent sightseers in those days, and the ladies instituted a neat little fashion of kicking out their crinolines behind to keep back their neighbours while they took a prolonged gaze at the opals and diamonds. Suffering males retaliated that they wished the ladies "would not kick quite so high." The interval between the

crinoline and neck in the feminine figures of those days scarcely counted; and then came the towering poke bonnet, in view of which one feels specially grateful to Queen Alexandra for the neat little "Princess" shape which her taste has kept alive for so long in modern times.

As regards the style of the hair the young ladies were eager to copy the two curls on either side of the head which the Princess of Wales wore at that time and which so exactly suited her graceful neck and slender form. "Follow me, lads," the fashion was called in the slang of the period. After the birth of her first baby the Princess demurely adopted a more matronly style of dressing her hair, and the bewitching ringlets disappeared.

Queen Alexandra's intense love of animals is a well-known trait in her character and will account for the first place of public recreation which she visited after her honeymoon being the Zoological Gardens, whither she went a day or two after her coming-out reception accompanied by her husband and parents and five brothers and sisters. The Princess showed the liveliest interest in a baby lion six weeks old, and the keeper gratified her by taking the cub out of the den and allowing her to fondle it. *Lion mère* seems to have viewed the operation quite complacently, and one cannot resist the parallelism that the fair Princess was a second Una who not only had the British lion at her feet metaphorically, but could subdue a real lion!

In the April succeeding their marriage

the Prince and Princess went for a short stay at Sandringham, not the spacious house of to-day, but the old hall which had been purchased as a country residence for the Prince on his majority, and which stood amidst moor-



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1864.

After a painting by Madame Jerichau Baumann.

land and pine woods in a then remote corner of Norfolk. The royal pair received an enthusiastic reception when they alighted on the railway platform at King's Lynn, from whence they drove nine miles to Sandringham, cheered on their progress by the homely decorations on farmhouse and cottage, and the crowds of country folk which lined the roadsides.

"I thought I had never before seen such a lovely young creature," said a lady of the district when describing her impressions of the home-coming of the bride. "She was dressed in a pale blue dress, and wore a blue bonnet trimmed with white, and was all smiles and graciousness to every one." The Prince and Princess entered their domain by the exquisitely worked iron and bronze gates, so familiar now to visitors to the district, which were the wedding gift of the city of Norwich. On Easter Sunday, immediately after her arrival, the Princess worshipped for the first time in Sandringham church, and hundreds of people unable to obtain seats lined the approaches to the church. Dean Stanley preached, but I fear there were few who listened to the sermon. At the conclusion of



THE KING IN 1864.

the service the Prince and Princess partook of the Communion in company with their village neighbours. When the royal party returned to the Hall, the Prince and Dean Stanley, who that day twelve months had taken the Sacrament together on the Lake of Tiberias, entertained the Princess with recollections of their travels in the East. The Dean was well pleased to witness the happy union now consummated by his royal pupil, and in his diary gives this charming glimpse

into the inner life of the bride. On Easter Eve he wrote: "The Princess came to me in a corner of the drawing-room [at Sandringham] with her Prayer Book, and I went through the Communion Service with her, explaining the peculiarities and the likenesses and differences to and from the Danish service. She was most simple and fascinating . . . I was there for three days. I read the whole service, preached, and then gave the first English Sacrament to this 'Angel in the Palace.' I saw a good deal of her, and can truly say that she is as charming and beautiful a creature as ever passed through a fairy tale." We may also here quote similar sentiments, written by Bishop Wilberforce after a visit to Sandringham in the spring of 1864. Of the Princess he writes: "She is quite charming. She lent her

book to me last night, asking me to write something, and here was my inscription;

Of all our hearts, Princess,
With love thy life to bless,
Along thy path of happiness,
Onward to glory press."

During her first visit to her beloved Norfolk home the Princess began to take that tender and intimate interest in the people on the estate which has made her name a household word in every cottage, but as yet the trim

workmen's dwellings which now dot the district were not built. The country around was rather wild and desolate, and there was little traffic along the roads contiguous to Sandringham. Full of health and spirits, and with a natural curiosity to see everything in this quaint bit of foreign country where she now found herself, the Princess would take long walks of discovery, accompanied only by a lady-in-waiting. One afternoon she wandered too far, and being overcome with fatigue asked a waggoner to give her a lift in his cart.

"I canna," replied Hodge, staring open-mouthed at the charming apparition.

"Please, old man, do!" persisted the Princess in broken English.

"I tell you I canna," replied the rustic.

"But why?" pleaded the distressed suppliant.

"Well, if you must know," said he, "I've been drawin' dung, and I can't have women bringing their petticoats into my cart," and with a determined smack of the whip, Hodge drove off, leaving the Princess and her lady to plod their way home to Sandringham as best they could.

After the Easter vacation the Prince and Princess returned again to their social duties in London. It was one of the gayest seasons on record, for the coming of the royal bride, after the long spell of national grief and mourning, was like spring after winter, and everywhere were signs of rejuvenation. Queen Victoria still remained in retirement, and the Princess of Wales held the drawing-rooms. The first took place May 16, and was

attended by two thousand ladies. The carriages stretched from Harley Street to St. James' Palace, and it took four hours for the company to pass the throne. The Princess wore white silk trimmed with Honiton lace, looped with white lilac, and bore the ordeal with great grace and spirit, assisted by Princess Alice. The throng was so great that many of the ladies were cooped up in their carriages for six hours, pending presentation, and then were three hours more trying to get away from the palace.

During this year of social *fêtes* the Princess's time was passed in one succession of pageants. On June 7 came the famous Guildhall banquet and ball, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales receiving the freedom of the city. The cost alone of the tickets of invitation was £2,000, and everything else was provided on the same scale of costly magnificence, the City Fathers being determined to excel themselves in honouring their new royal "citizen" and his bride. The Princess wore a simple white dress, and her chief ornament was the diamond necklace presented by the Corporation. She opened the ball with the Lord Mayor, and throughout the evening frequently joined in the dancing, while the Prince of Wales stood up in nearly every dance. Amongst contemporary descriptions that of the *Spectator* is most graphic: "The Princess," it says, "was in more than usual radiance, and her manner, so English in other respects, was un-Englishly cordial, and is rapidly making her the pet of the country. Her expression, kind, cordial, delicate, and innocent, was touched with a

twilight archness that seemed to deprecate the formality while it heartily accepted the enjoyments of the festivities. No wonder the worthy Aldermen flopped themselves about in an

enshrine the little gem of Denmark." After supper the prettiest incident of the night occurred. Suddenly before the eyes of the royal party an illuminated view of the Château of Bernstorff



THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, 1864.
Collection Augustin Rischitz, London, W.

agony of delight, and basked in her smile like their own turtles in the sun. Mr. Disraeli was the only statesman present. The peeresses were in good force, and might be described as the Royal British Life Guards of the regal beauty, so well and loyally did they

was shown with a representation of the Princess herself standing on the lawn. At sight of her old home, the Princess beamed with delight and animation, and the City Fathers were rewarded. On the following June 16 the Princess went with her husband to

the Oxford Commemoration, when the Prince of Wales received the honorary degree. Earl Derby, the "Rupert of Debate," was the Chancellor, and the bride, who had an uproarious welcome when she was conducted into the Sheldonian Theatre, listened with a pretty archness to his Latin oration. When the King received the congratulations of his Alma Mater on his accession, he referred to that historic occasion when, his young bride coming fresh from her quiet life in Denmark, had been a little alarmed at the boisterous ways of undergraduates. On the second day of the celebration it was rumoured that the Princess was too tired to appear, and for the first time in the history of the University not a cheer was raised at the entrance of the Chancellor's procession. There was thunder in the air, and a tendency to groan and hiss showed itself on the benches; but when at length the doors were suddenly flung open, and the Prince and Princess appeared, the effect was electric. Dons and undergraduates, ladies and visitors, sprang to their feet waving handkerchiefs and cheering until it seemed that Bedlam had been let loose in the classic shades of Oxford. The weather was not propitious for the royal visit, but the Princess was seen tripping lightly through the quadrangles, umbrella in hand, inspecting the college buildings, and was specially interested in the rooms in Frewen Hall which the Prince occupied when at college.

In this same month of June the royal couple attended the famous Guards' Ball, given in their honour in the picture galleries of the old Exhibition, a *fête* of exceptional brilliance. The

Queen sent the fittings from Buckingham Palace, and different members of the aristocracy contributed from their stores of silver and gold plate. The value of the plate used at the supper was estimated at two millions sterling. The Princess opened the ball with the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales dancing with Princess Mary. While the young bride was radiant with smiles and entered into the festivities with keen enjoyment it was observed that she did not waltz. The most noteworthy event of this gay season was the unveiling of the Prince Consort Memorial in June. After the ceremony in the Exhibition building the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the younger

members of the Royal Family and by the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary, promenaded through the old Horticultural Gardens, which then occupied the site of the Albert Hall, and past the Memorial. The Princess of Wales walked with downcast eyes, and the Prince smiled proudly. In the following August the Prince went alone to the opening of the Town Hall at Halifax, and in the ensuing months the Princess did not appear at public ceremonials.

In the autumn she paid her first visit to Scotland, spending some quiet



THE QUEEN WITH PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

Taken in Denmark on the occasion of her first visit home.

weeks at Abergeldie Castle, two miles from Balmoral, which continued for some years to be her home in the Highlands. A very loyal welcome was given to the Prince and his bride on their arrival at Aberdeen, and when they reached Deeside they were met by many homely demonstrations of delight on the part of the Balmoral cottagers and tenantry. Abergeldie was not then connected with Crathie by the present trim little suspension bridge, and baskets and parcels had to be conveyed across the Dee by a primitive arrangement of two poles with a rope and pulleys, which caused the Princess infinite amusement. She was charmed with the country around the castle, and the towering heights of Craignowan and Lochnagar greatly impressed her by their sublime grandeur. The scenery was in marked contrast to that of her native land, which can only boast of one mountain, and that not a very high one. After their return from Scotland the Prince and Princess passed the winter at Frogmore House in the grounds of Windsor Park, which had formerly been occupied by the Duchess of Kent. This cosy and pretty retreat has been hallowed to Queen Alexandra by the birth of her firstborn. It was on January 8, 1864, that Prince Albert Victor, the lamented Duke of

Clarence, was born at Frogmore House. On the afternoon of the day the Princess had been on the ice in a sleigh watching the Prince and his friends skating on the lake—but I will leave Lord Malmesbury to tell the tale.

"The Princess of Wales," he writes, "has been safely confined—a prince. The event was not expected till March, and as it was intended to take place at Marlborough House, no preparations had been made at Frogmore. There

was no nurse, no baby linen, and no doctor, except Mr. Brown, the Windsor physician, who attended her and brought the child into the world, for which it is said he will be made a knight and receive £500. Lady Macclesfield was fortunately in waiting, and as she has had a great many children, she was probably of use. Lord Granville was



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF LADY MACCLESFIELD, LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA SINCE 1863.

the only minister in attendance, having come to dine with the Prince, and there was not time to summon the others, as the Princess was not ill more than three hours. She had been to see the skating, and did not return to Frogmore House till four o'clock."

The birth of the Prince took place at two minutes to nine o'clock, the Prince of Wales, Lord Granville, and the Countess of Macclesfield being present. Later the four special physicians retained for the event, and the two nurses

arrived post haste from London. Next day the quiet grounds of Frogmore were a scene of the greatest excitement, a continuous stream of people arriving from town to offer their congratulations.

Lady Macclesfield, who rendered such invaluable service in the absence of the nurses, was the Lady Mary Frances Grosvenor, daughter of the second Marquis of Westminster, and is the widow of the sixth Earl of Macclesfield. She was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales on her wedding day, and now holds the position of Extra Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Alexandra. After the birth of Prince Albert Victor, Lady Macclesfield received valued souvenirs from the Prince and Princess of Wales and from Queen Victoria.

The Princess chose the anniversary of her wedding day for the christening of the infant Prince, which took place at the private chapel, Buckingham Palace, on March 10, 1864. He was dressed in the Honiton lace robe in which the Prince of Wales had been christened, and wore over it a truly royal cloak of crimson velvet lined with ermine. The Countess of Macclesfield had the honour of placing the little Prince in the arms of his godmother, Queen Victoria, who handed him to the Archbishop. He received the names of Albert, after the

Prince Consort; Victor, after the Queen; Christian, after the King of Denmark; and Edward, after his father. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess held a reception at Marlborough House for their friends to see the baby, and in the evening gave a dinner. Never had the Princess looked lovelier than with the mother-light in her eyes. In the months which followed, every moment she could spare from her social and



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK WITH HER THREE DAUGHTERS AND PRINCE VALDEMAR.

public duties was spent in the nursery at Marlborough House, and "Mary," the head nurse, now Mrs. Blackburn, tells how delighted the Princess was if she could slip away to the nursery at bedtime and give "Eddie" his bath, putting a large apron over her costly dress to do so. The poignant grief which prostrated Queen Alexandra for

many months after the death of the Duke of Clarence spoke only too eloquently of the love centred in her first-born. When in the following June the Princess paid her first visit to Cambridge University on the occasion of the honorary degree being conferred upon the Prince, the undergraduates obtained her most gracious smiles as they called for "Three cheers for the baby."

In the autumn of 1854 the Princess accompanied by the Prince and their infant son, paid her first visit to Denmark since her marriage. Great changes

had taken place in the short interval. Her younger brother, Prince George, had been chosen to fill the throne of Greece; her sister, Princess Dagmar, was about to be betrothed to the Czarevitch Nicholas of Russia, and her parents were now King and Queen of Denmark. It was in many respects, however, a sad home-coming, for the Princess found her beloved father and mother suffering from the strain of untoward events culminating in the war over the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, and they did not then enjoy the universal popularity which came to them so abundantly in later years.

When the Princess landed at Elsinore there was an enthusiastic demonstration of loyal welcome, and the Burgomaster in his address referred to the misfortunes which had occurred since she had left her native land. "But abandoned as Denmark is by all the world," said he, "and crushed by overwhelming superiority," he hoped that "the visit of the Princess with her husband and child would be the herald of brighter days for their country." From Elsinore the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the King and Queen of Denmark, drove to Fredensborg, the King's country palace, that lovely home on the bosom of the blue waters of the lake of Esrom, which was to be for long years to come a second Rumpenheim to Queen Alexandra as the scene of the family reunions of the Danish Royal House. After spending a few weeks at Fredensborg the royal travellers crossed to Sweden, and visited the Court at Stockholm, where the Princess made the acquaintance of the Princess Louise, the destined *fiancée*

of her brother, the Crown Prince. Returning again to Denmark, they spent some weeks at Bernstorff. In this loved home of her childhood the Princess, like the blithe "Alexandra" of old, might have been seen enjoying games with her younger brothers and sisters. An amusing little incident happened one morning when she and Princess Dagmar were strolling together in the neighbourhood of the château. A sailor came up to the driver of a carriage which was waiting in the road, and said, looking at the sisters as they approached: "What two good-looking girls!" "Yes," returned the driver, touching his hat ceremoniously, "I am quite certain about that, for they are our own Princesses!"

This was the first visit which the Prince of Wales had paid to his wife's country, and, though greatly charmed by the beauties of the country palaces, he found them oppressively quiet, and the simple life of the Royal Family of Denmark a great contrast to the English Court, and he used to tease the Princess by repeating a joke that a man was asked if he knew of any more dismal place than Fredensborg, and when he said "No," his interlocutor replied, "Then you haven't seen Bernstorff!"

The Prince was careful not to wound his young wife's feelings by his fun, and if he inadvertently did so, soon made amends, as the following anecdote will show. One evening at Bernstorff the talk turned incessantly on the illness of an old lady of the Court, and the Prince, becoming a little bored by the topic, gave vent to his feelings, and declared

he had heard enough of Froken B—— and her asthma. Next morning the Princess ran up to him, her face beaming with joy, and said, "Why, Bertie, I hear you have been to see Froken B ——" "Yes," replied the penitent, "I thought it would please you, Alix."

On the evening of September 16 the King of Denmark gave a great reception in honour of his visitors at the Christianborg Palace in Copenhagen, upon which occasion all the notables of Denmark were presented to the Prince of Wales, and also the members of the committees who had subscribed wedding gifts for the Princess. Hans Christian Andersen was at the reception and was much flattered when the Prince told him how much admired his writings were in England, adding, to the old man's delight: "I know that the Princess will soon be telling your charming fairy tales to our little son." Andersen was fond of repeating this incident to his friends.

After this pleasant holiday amongst her own people, the Princess returned to resume her life of social activity in this country. Her second son was born at Marlborough House, June 3rd, 1865, and was baptized in the private chapel at Windsor, receiving the names of George Frederick Ernest Albert. The chief sponsor was the Queen of Denmark, represented by Queen Victoria. Later in the year the Princess went with her husband to visit his Duchy of Cornwall, and greatly delighted the people by the fearless way in which she descended the Botallack Mine, under the sea at the Land's End, a descent of 200 fathoms. She dressed for this exploit in a rough white flannel

dress and a coarse straw hat trimmed with blue. The year was also memorable for the first visit paid by the Princess to the Crystal Palace, and for the death of Lord Palmerston, which afforded Queen Alexandra her first experience of a great national demonstration of mourning in this country. The year 1866 brought a succession of notable weddings, in which she was very specially interested. In June her beloved friend, Princess Mary of Cambridge, was married at Kew church to His Serene Highness the Duke of Teck; and Queen Alexandra made a lovely picture at the ceremony dressed in Cambridge blue. A month later she attended the wedding of Princess Helena and Prince Christian of Schleswig and Holstein at the Private Chapel, Windsor; and on the following ninth of November Princess Dagmar of Denmark was married to the late Czar, Alexander III., but the Princess was unable to accompany the Prince of Wales to St. Petersburg for her sister's wedding. The bride had first been betrothed in September, 1864, to the Czarevitch Nicholas, whose death occurred when she was about to set out from Copenhagen to be married. A year or so later she was betrothed to his brother, and her subsequent marriage with him proved a very happy union. The story is told that, walking with her future husband in St. Petersburg one day, she saw the portrait in one of the shop windows of her dead lover, and could not restrain her tears, at which Alexander III. stooped tenderly to her and said, "Yes, we both loved him; and we will mourn him together." It

is a singular coincidence that a similar marriage was destined to take place between Queen Alexandra's second son and the Princess May of Teck.

In these early years of her married

all national gatherings, and had begun to take her place in the world of philanthropy, having in June of 1863 planted her first memorial tree at the inauguration of a new building for the



THE QUEEN AT FREDENSBORG.

life Queen Alexandra had fulfilled the most sanguine expectations which her advent had occasioned, and had fully adopted her new country. She practically led the social life of the metropolis, was the central figure at

Orphan Asylum at Slough, and in July, 1866, had laid her first memorial stone, being the foundation of the Home for Little Boys at Farningham, when she made her first little public speech.

Amongst the visits which she paid to different parts of the country, that to the ancient city of York in August, 1866, was most memorable. The Prince and Princess stayed two days with Archbishop Thompson at Bishopthorpe, the lovely house of the Archbishop's, on the Ouse, driving to it over the recently erected Lendal Bridge, which had afforded York the opportunity for paying the Princess a very delicate compliment. When the design for the bridge was being carried out, Mr. George Crawshay, one of the contractors, suggested to Mr. Page, the engineer, that some lady in York should represent the angel supporting the royal arms in the centre of the bridge; but Mr. Page said that the angel must be a royal princess. "Shall we have the Princess Alex-

andra?" Mr. Crawshay telegraphed. "Admirable," was the answer returned. Accordingly a bust of the Princess was made. It is unfortunately not worthy of the original, and the Prince of Wales afterwards expressed regret that he had not been told of the intention to use a representation of the Princess, as he would have given the bust modelled by Mr. Marshall Wood. This was the first effigy made of Queen Alexandra in this country. In the heyday of health, youth and beauty universally beloved, with little children around her, it seemed that the cup of life was filled to the brim with joy when suddenly the hand of sore affliction descended, and the life of the Princess was shadowed by a long and painful illness.

A Period of Suffering and Travel



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.
From Photo by H. N. Kings, 45 Avenue Road, N.

CHAPTER IV

A Period of Suffering and Travel

"The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials."—*Chinese*.

"Now in travelling we multiply events, and innocently. We set out, as it were, on our adventures, and many are those that occur to us, morning, noon, and night. The day we come to a place which we have long read of, it is an era in our lives; and from that moment the name calls up a picture. How delightfully too does the knowledge flow in upon us and how fast! Would he who sat in a corner of his library, poring over books and maps, learn more or so much in the time as he who with his eyes and his heart open is receiving impressions all day long from the things themselves?"—*Rogers*.

THE life of Queen Alexandra has not been exempt from severe trial and affliction. Sorrow and suffering come without distinction to palace and cottage, but there was something peculiarly sad in the painful illness which the Queen was called to bear so early in life, and which left its lasting effect upon her. She came out of the trial with a deeper tone in her character, and a tenderer compassion for all who suffer born of her own experience. Hitherto we have traced her career when roses seemed to bloom everywhere along her path, and the world was all joy-land, but as we follow her into the shadows and through the path of pain her character still breathes sweetness and goodness. It stood the crucial test before which outward amiability and mere plausible good nature not infrequently sink into querulous repining and self-absorption. Hitherto the people had been fascinated by the personal charm of the young Princess of Wales,

but as her prolonged illness in 1867 gave a more serious tone to her own character so it called into play a deeper affection on the part of the people and permanently sealed the tie which bound them to her. The spontaneous outburst of feeling in London, and the anxiety shown throughout the country while she lay in a critical condition was almost as great as when the ever-lamented Princess Charlotte lay dying.

At the close of 1866 the Princess of Wales was in her usual health and spirits, and celebrated her twenty-second birthday at Sandringham with her two baby boys, the Prince not having yet returned from Russia, where he was attending the marriage of the Czarevitch to Princess Dagmar of Denmark. The Princess kept her birthday in the simple way that she liked best. Early in the morning the children from the Sandringham schools came to the Hall and sang appropriate pieces under her bedroom window, and later in the day were

entertained to dinner in the large coach-house, decorated for the occasion, the Princess moving graciously about amongst her young guests. In the evening she gave a private dinner party at the Hall and a bonfire blazed on Sandringham heights.

When a week or so later the Prince returned from the Continent, the Princess accompanied him on a visit to Oakley Park and joined with her accustomed vivacity in the festivities arranged by the host.

Their Royal Highnesses returned to Sandringham for Christmas, which was celebrated at the Hall in good old English style, dinner being provided in the coach-house for the poor, and an entertainment given to the school children, to whom also the Princess presented warm red cloaks according to her usual custom. After the holidays the Prince and Princess returned to London and settled for the season at Marlborough House, where the accouchement of Her Royal Highness was expected to take place in the coming March.

On February 14 great anxiety was occasioned by the announcement that the Princess was ill with an attack of acute rheumatism accompanied by a high fever. It was deemed advisable that Dr. Farre, the royal accoucheur, should be in close attendance at Marlborough House, as well as the other physicians. On the morning of February 20 the country was surprised by the news that the Princess had given birth to a daughter (the future Duchess of Fife).

Society, however, seemed to be complacently glad that the event had

happened a month before it was anticipated, as the Princess would now be able to hold the first Drawing-Room of the year, and there was every prospect of another of those brilliant seasons which had been the rule since her arrival in the country. Alas for such hopes! for although the confinement of the Princess had been most favourable, the rheumatism from which she had been suffering at the time now became localised in the knee joint. The distinguished surgeon, Dr. (afterwards Sir James) Paget, was sent for, and it became evident that a painful and wearisome illness would ensue. The people in their anxiety to know exact details grew angry and suspicious that they were being kept in the dark about the real condition of the beloved sufferer, and when in the middle of March the King and Queen of Denmark were suddenly summoned to their daughter's side the worst fears were entertained, consternation prevailed, and there were anxious crowds outside Marlborough House. To allay the popular feeling of alarm the following official announcement was published in the *Lancet*, March 16: "Rumours have been afloat during the past week respecting the health of the Princess of Wales, which we are happy to say are as unfounded as they are extraordinary. With the exception of a few restless nights which were doubtless occasioned by the necessary restraint to which Her Royal Highness was subjected on account of the local affection [in the knee joint] her progress has been very satisfactory. It is expected indeed that in a few days this patient, whose condition is a matter of such heartfelt solicitude to us all, will

be able once more to quit her bed. For some time to come, however, she will probably have to submit to the applications of such mechanical support as will limit movement in the joint which has been so severely attacked by rheumatism."

This opinion proved all too sanguine ; the Princess continued to toss in pain for several days and nights, and could not obtain sleep. Opiates and a hop bed gave relief, but better than all else was a mother's soothing hand. During this painful crisis Queen Louise scarcely left her daughter's side, and after it was over Sir James Paget said, "If it had not been for the Queen of Denmark, I fear we should have lost our Princess." It was while his patient was in a severe paroxysm of pain and restlessness that the great surgeon had on his own initiative, the Prince of Wales being absent at a public function, telegraphed for the Princess's mother, as she was calling for her. By March 20 the reports were more favourable, the pain in the knee had diminished, and it was hoped that the period of convalescence was not far off. Unfortunately on April 13 the Princess suffered a severe relapse, inflammation set up in the knee joint and she was again for some time in great agony and distress. Two other surgeons, Mr. Cæsar Hawkins and Mr. G. D. Pollock, were called in for consultation with Sir James Paget, and

it was found that there was no probability of any material change taking place in their patient's condition for a long time. All the Princess's engagements for the year were now cancelled. It was found necessary to keep the affected limb in splints, to prevent the possibility of another relapse.

The widespread sympathy with the sufferer showed itself in some amusing incidents. Old people in country villages sent their special nostrums for the cure of "the rheumatics" to the

Princess, beseeching her to try them. A good old soul from Ireland recommended that a potato should be worn; an anxious lady sent a roll of oil-silk, she having found the use of it beneficial in rheumatism. Marlborough House was inundated with bottles of embrocations, with leather, felt, tin, and every other conceivable kind of splint, and in the course of a month



THE LATE SIR JAMES PAGET, SURGEON TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA DURING HER SEVERE ILLNESS IN 1867.

From Photo by Barrand, Oxford St

more than a thousand prescriptions for rheumatism were received, while a continuous stream of letters from all sorts and conditions of people bore testimony to the affectionate concern felt for the Princess in her suffering. After April 20 the reports grew each week more favourable regarding the progress of the illness, opiates were dispensed with, and natural sleep began to restore the patient to her normal general health, while youth and a happy disposition

materially assisted towards her recovery. The physicians in attendance bore repeated testimony to the cheerfulness with which their patient bore her prolonged illness. As soon as she got a little ease from pain her thoughts turned to other sufferers, and she asked Sir James Paget to send some books and toys which she had specially selected herself, to the sick children in the wards of St. Bartholomew's and St. George's Hospitals. In May she had progressed so well as to be able to make a change of apartment, but the greatest care had to be exercised to prevent a relapse. The limb was still in a splint, kept in an extended position, suspended in a cradle, and the slightest motion was very painful. On the 10th of the month, the baby Princess, whom people had almost forgotten in their anxiety for the mother, was christened at Marlborough House by the names of Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, the Queen of Denmark acting as chief sponsor.

It need not be said that the illness of the Princess of Wales had been a matter of the deepest concern to all the members of her husband's family. Queen Victoria came up frequently from Windsor to visit her beloved daughter-in-law, and on one occasion it is related, when the sufferer in the extremity of pain had longed for death, Her Majesty bent over her tenderly, saying: "You must not speak of dying, Alix, dear; you have brought us nothing but good since you came amongst us, and we cannot spare you." Princess Alice, writing from Darmstadt to her mother, said: "The knowledge of dear, sweet Alix's state makes me

too sad. . . . I am so distressed that I really have no peace. It may, and probably will, last long, which is so dreadful." The Prince of Wales was still a very young man, and the shoals of advice and recommendations which he daily received must have added to the distraction and anxiety which he suffered over his wife's illness. He had his writing bureau removed to her room, so that he might keep her company while attending to his correspondence. After being in close attendance upon her daughter for three months Queen Louise returned to Denmark to celebrate her silver wedding, which took place on May 26. It was a great disappointment to the Princess of Wales that she, alone of her parents' children, was not able to be with them on this interesting occasion, but there were kind hearts in her old fatherland which thought of the invalid, and on the day of the silver wedding celebration, the Princess was cheered by a telegram of sympathy sent in the name of the "Children of Denmark," to which she replied to her father: "Will you in my name thank the committee of the children's festival in the Rosenborg Garden for their kind thought in remembrance of me. Just this moment I have received their telegram, which has greatly touched me."

After the departure of the Queen of Denmark, Princess Alice of Hesse came on a long visit to Marlborough House, and her tender care and cheerful society were most valuable to the invalid, in whose place she also held the Drawing-Rooms. At the end of June, after having been kept in an

immovable position for four months, the Princess began walking with the limb strongly supported, and preparations were spoken of for her removal to a health resort. At this the spirits of Bath rose high, for where indeed should the illustrious patient go but to this ancient spa, and the hotel and lodging-house keepers began to look forward to a revival of the days when rank and fashion flocked to take the waters at Bath. However, it was deemed advisable for the Princess to go to Wiesbaden, and on August 17 she, with the Prince and their three children, embarked at Woolwich in the *Osborne* for the Continent, the Princess being carried on board in an invalid chair. A visit was paid to Darmstadt *en route*, and Princess Alice,

in a letter of this time, thus describes the progress which the beloved invalid was making: "Dear Alix," she writes, "walked up our staircase with two sticks, of course very slowly, but she is improving wonderfully, though her knee is quite stiff." Again, in another letter, she says: "Dear Alix is writing in my room at this moment, and is so dear and sweet. She is a most lovable creature." Princess Alice accompanied her sister-in-law to Wiesbaden, and continued to report satisfactorily of

her progress. No sooner, however, had the Princess reached the Continent, than an over-anxious public at home was seized with another fit of distrust and anxiety, and disquieting rumours were rife regarding her condition. The *Lancet* was again the medium for officially reassuring the public that their beloved Princess was really better, and at the end of September reported

that her progress exceeded the most sanguine expectations, in proof of which Sir James Paget returned to London feeling satisfied to leave his illustrious patient to complete her cure at Wiesbaden, under the care of Dr. Haas.

In the early part of the following year the Princess was able to resume her public activities, although the stiffness which



THE LATE QUEEN LOUISE OF DENMARK.

From a painting by Professor Schiøtt.

still remained in the knee obliged her for some time to walk with a slightly halting gait, but she looked so pretty and interesting even under this infirmity that fashionable women adopted the "Alexandra limp," and wore bustles to give an appearance of stooping. It was characteristic of the Princess that her first public act after her illness was to visit St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of which the Prince was President. Hundreds of people congregated round the building

to cheer her when she arrived, and unfeigned delight was manifested to see her looking so much herself again and able to walk without fatigue. Such was her determination to give pleasure to the sufferers that she visited the whole of the patients—some 400—talking to many of them and expressing regard for their comfort.

The period which succeeded the severe illness of Queen Alexandra was largely devoted to travel. On April 15 she started with the Prince to pay her first visit to Ireland. They crossed from Holyhead to Kingstown in the *Victoria and Albert*, with an escort of ironclads, and landed in a pavilion erected on the spot where Queen Victoria had first set foot on Irish soil, and in imitation of that memorable occasion a white dove, sweet emblem of peace, was placed in the hands of the Princess. They were received by the Duke of Abercorn, then Lord Lieutenant. The succeeding ten days were a succession of fêtes, and the lovely visitor, beaming smiles under a bonnet trimmed with Irish lace, or robed in green poplin, took all hearts by storm. On April 16 she drove in State, with the Prince, to Punchestown races and took a very lively interest in the proceedings.

By this time the Princess was quite familiar with the manner in which

an English public enjoys its Derby Day or disports itself at Ascot, but at Punchestown she had the opportunity of seeing "Pat" in his most diverting humour. The long streams of jaunting cars, with their rollicking parties, caused her great amusement, while to such a good judge of a beautiful horse as the King of Denmark's daughter was bound to

be, the fine Irish bred animals were a delight. The Princess did not accompany the Prince on the second day of the races, choosing instead to pay a surprise visit to the Alexandra College for ladies in Dublin. However, a rumour reached the college of the approaching visit, and when the Princess entered the building the girl graduates strewed flowers before her. She inspected the principal parts of

the college, and chatted freely with the Principal regarding the routine followed by the students. On the evening of the same day the Prince and Princess attended a ball at the Mansion House, the latter wearing a pale pink satin dress trimmed with some exquisite lace presented by the ladies of Ireland. The great event of the visit was the installation of the Prince as a Knight of St. Patrick, in the Cathedral of St. Patrick, on April 18. The royal party drove in State procession from Dublin Castle to the cathedral,



THE QUEEN, AND HER SISTER, THE
CZARINA.

attended by a distinguished company, including the civic processions of the Lord Mayors of Dublin and London respectively. The ancient edifice was transformed into gala dress, and looked akin to Westminster Abbey prepared for a Coronation. A flourish of trumpets heralded the entrance of the Prince and Princess into the cathedral, and the installation proceeded with imposing ceremonial. On the 20th came a grand review in Phoenix Park, with a ball at the castle in the evening, which was followed on successive days by a visit to Trinity College, on which occasion the honorary degree was conferred on the Prince, a large ball at the Exhibition Palace, and a visit to Powerscourt, Wicklow. At Bray the country people came along the road to meet the royal carriage and gave an amusing Irish welcome. The Princess did not leave the Emerald Isle without thinking of the sufferers who could not come out to see her, and on the 24th she spent some time talking with the patients at the Adelaide Hospital. On the evening of the same day the Prince and Princess embarked amidst an enthusiastic Irish "send off," for the homeward voyage. The spirit and animation which Her Royal Highness had shown during this succession of public ceremonies was good evidence that she was regaining her usual vigour.

Shortly after her return home the Princess of Wales accompanied Queen Victoria when Her Majesty laid the stone of St. Thomas's Hospital. On the succeeding fourth of July a great festival was held at the Crystal Palace

to welcome Prince Alfred home from his visit to Australia. The Prince of Wales accompanied his brother to



THE QUEEN, WITH THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK, AND HER TWO SISTERS.

the Palace in the afternoon, but when in the evening the Princess of Wales unexpectedly appeared in the royal box at the opera concert in connection with the Festival, she received a great ovation. After the concert, at which Mario and Patti were the leading vocalists, the Princess joined the royal party on the balcony outside to see the display of fireworks, a model of Prince Alfred's vessel, the *Galatea*, being illuminated. At this time she was not appearing in public, but with her usual vivacity, she could not resist the fascinations of the Palace Concert, and the firework display. Two days later another little Princess was added to the nursery at Marlborough House. The christening took place on August 6, the infant receiving the names of Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary, and

the chief sponsors were Queen Victoria, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the Queen of Greece, and the Dowager Queen of Denmark.

Two months later the Princess resumed her travelling activities and paid her first visit to Glasgow. She and the Prince had been staying with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, at Dunrobin, from whence they came to Edinburgh, proceeding on the



*Yours truly,
Theresa O'Grady*

morning of October 8 to Glasgow. They drove from the North British railway through the principal thoroughfares to the City Hall, where the Freedom of the City was conferred on the Prince, the Fathers being evidently sorry that there was no precedent for conferring it upon the Princess also. Recently, at the opening of its great Exhibition, Glasgow has created a precedent by making the

Duchess of Fife a burghess of the city, so has the spirit of the time advanced. From the City Hall the royal procession went to Gilmore Hill for the stone-laying of the New University. After the Prince had done his part, the Princess stepped forward amidst a great outburst of cheering, for she too was to lay a stone. She accomplished the task with her usual ease and grace, being very particular about the spreading of the mortar—indeed, the “beautiful mason” won golden opinions for her dexterity. The loyal citizens of the second city in the empire were determined to make the most of the day which the royal visitors spent with them. Business was suspended, everybody came out to see the procession, the streets were gaily decorated; there were five miles of bunting and triumphal arches, and the whole city was *en fête*. Of the many compliments paid to the Princess for her graceful bows and carriage of her head that of a fish-wife of Glasgow is the most unique. The old woman was standing in the crowd near the City Hall, and as she caught a glimpse of the Princess in the carriage, she exclaimed: “There she is, sitting just like a swan.”

In spite of the almost unhoped-for degree of restoration to health which the Princess had had, there was a danger that she might overtax her strength in the performance of the multitudinous duties which crowded upon her so long as she remained in this country, and her physicians advised that she should spend the winter of 1868-9 in foreign travel, the exhilarating climate of Egypt, not so much appreciated then as now, being



QUEEN ALEXANDRA ON A DROMEDARY WHEN TRAVELLING IN THE EAST.

especially recommended. On November 17 the Prince and Princess, with their children, attended by Lady Carmarthen, General Sir W. Knollys, Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, and Dr. Minter, started for the Continent. A few days were spent in Paris and in visiting the Emperor and Empress at Compiègne. The Empress Eugenie was charmed with the Princess, and, kissing her affectionately on her arrival, called her "my little cousin." The travellers next proceeded to Denmark, and spent some time with the King and Queen at Fredensborg and at Copenhagen, where the Princess kept her twenty-fourth birthday. Her father, at the family banquet, spoke feelingly of the occasion, saying that it was six years since he had had the pleasure of having his daughter Alexandra with him on her

birthday, and that when he looked back on the "anxious time of her severe illness he could not be sufficiently thankful to God for being able to have her now sitting by his side almost completely recovered." On December 28 the King gave a State ball at the Christianborg Palace, and on January 15 the Princess bade adieu to her parents and family and set out for her tour in the East. The Princess selected as her lady-in-waiting for the tour, the Hon. Mrs. William Grey, a Swedish lady, the daughter of Count Stedingk, who had been appointed a bedchamber woman to the Princess at the time of her marriage, and had been formerly acquainted with the Danish Royal Family. Mrs. Grey's first husband, the Hon. William George Grey, eighth son of the second Earl

Grey, had died in 1865, and she was, at the period of this journey, a widow ; later, in 1873, she was married to the Duke d'Otrante, and resided at Stockholm until her recent death. The Duchess d'Otrante was a lively and accomplished lady and proved an ideal travelling companion to her royal mistress, and I am indebted to her for some interesting details of the tour culled from her private journal. At the special summons of the Princess,



THE ROYAL FLOTILLA GOING DOWN THE NILE DURING THE KING AND QUEEN'S TOUR IN THE EAST.

she came to Copenhagen, and on January 12 writes : " Soon after breakfast I went to see my dear Princess and to hear something of the proposed plans. I found her as usual most kind and affectionate, but very sorry that the few weeks she had been able to spend with her father and mother had come to an end. Her visit seems to have been a great happiness to her." At Hamburg the Princess had the pain of parting from her children, from whom she had never before been separated ; even the youngest infant had invariably accompanied her when-

ever she travelled, but it was out of the question to take a nursery on an expedition to explore the cataracts of the Nile, so the royal children were sent home under the care of Lady Carmarthen, while their parents went first to Berlin to visit the Crown Princess of Prussia (the Empress Frederick), going thence to Vienna and proceeding to Trieste, where they embarked on the *Ariadne*, and after a smooth run down the Adriatic reached Alexandria February 2, and next day arrived at Cairo, where the Viceroy of Egypt had prepared for their reception with oriental magnificence. The Palace of Esbekieh, placed at their disposal, had been furnished with lavish luxury. Mirrors, rich curtains, silk hangings, old French furniture, and, it would seem, everything of a

gorgeous and sumptuous character which the Viceroy could collect had been used to adorn the rooms of his guests. The bedsteads were of massive silver and valued at £3,000 apiece. As the Princess walked through the suite of apartments, she expressed unaffected delight with all that she saw, and said that it was like a palace out of the *Arabian Nights*. With her usual tact and adaptability she accepted her new environment and charmed the Orientals by her affability and desire to observe little points of etiquette. The Princess did not shudder and look aghast when

a slave handed her a wondrous pipe along with her coffee in the evening, and if she did not inhale the weed with the placid unconcern of an Eastern lady, she did not commit the fatal error of refusing the proffered pipe. She also went in becoming state to visit the ladies of the Viceroy's harem, and dined with them, sitting on a cushion on the floor on the right of La Grande Princesse, the mother of the Viceroy, while the other ladies sat in a circle round a small table on which the different courses were placed. Each diner was provided with a tortoiseshell spoon, with a large coral branch as a handle, and with this dipped into the soup tureen or the dishes of savouries as the slaves placed them in succession on the centre table. In the case of the principal joint the ladies tore off pieces with their fingers, and put them straight into their mouths. The Princess politely did the same, and was complimented by the hostess for her elegant manner of eating. The *menu* consisted of twenty-four dishes, composed of compounds unsuited to European appetites, but the Princess got through the ordeal with smiling good-humour, and, after a visit of three hours' duration, departed, leaving golden opinions behind her. When she returned to the Palace the Princess created much diversion for the Prince and the entourage by her amusing account of her adventures.

After an interesting time spent in seeing the sights of Cairo, the royal party embarked for their voyage down the Nile, the Viceroy having placed at their disposal a gorgeously equipped flotilla, consisting of a large steamer



THE ROYAL PARTY ON THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

for general use, a dainty little dahabieh called the *Alexandra* as a sleeping and retiring boat, and still another vessel for culinary purposes. The stately steamer, with its double pile carpets and rich oriental furnishings, might have served as a barge for Cleopatra. The Princess, however, preferred to pass most of her time on the *Alexandra* dahabieh, with Mrs. Grey in attendance, spending the days in a restful manner, reading and sketching as the boat floated down the Nile, past the towering Pyramids, and a succession of scenes which moved the fancy and stirred the imagination. Occasionally the Princess quitted her retreat to witness some exciting piece of sport in which the Prince was engaged; sometimes it was duck shooting, or a hyæna hunt, or again a crocodile chase. When the Prince, after long waiting, had the luck to kill a fine crocodile, the Princess rushed off in a boat, followed by

members of the suite, to see the beast.

At the various stopping-places the Princess was the life of the party, galloping ahead on her white donkey, seemingly insensible to fatigue, always plucky and adventurous, and determined to see all that was to be seen. Since her illness it had become necessary for Her Royal Highness to ride on the left side, owing to her inability to bend

merry under all circumstances. This was specially noticeable in the visit to the famous tombs of the Kings near Thebes, where she was foremost to dive into the deep recesses of the ancient burial places, groping her way amongst stones and slabs and making the rough ascents and descents with indefatigable enterprise. "Her Royal Highness astonished the party," writes Mr. W. H. Russell, who accompanied the expedition as special correspondent for *The Times*, "by indomitable spirit and resolution, in the full blaze of an Egyptian sun and by capacity to endure fatigue. Those who looked far more able to go through a long day's work, exploring mummy-caves and investigating dark catacombs, admitted the Prin-



PYRAMID AND SPHYNX, VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN IN 1869.

cess was much stronger. Her interest in what she saw, and the delight which she manifested, animated the royal party." Next day the Princess was up as fresh as ever, and proceeded early in the morning to inspect more tombs and ruins in the vicinity of Thebes, riding all day in the dust and heat, and in the evening, after a brief rest for dinner, started to see the temple of Karnak by moonlight, the most romantic of her many expeditions

the right knee, but this does not appear to have affected her skill in riding, for during some of the excursions, when her own animal was not available, she mounted a strange donkey with rough native saddle, and on at least one occasion rode without either bridle or saddle, maintaining her balance in the cleverest manner and laughing heartily at the novelty of her position.

While Mrs. Grey was sometimes overcome by roughing it in unaccustomed places, the Princess seemed

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in the land of the Pharaohs. Dressed in a white flannel riding dress, she made a picturesque figure on her white ass, caparisoned in red and gold velvet, riding beside the Prince similarly mounted, and followed by a cavalcade of some fifty persons, consisting of the members of their suite and fantastically dressed natives in their loose robes and gay turbans. As they approached the temple from the great plain, a scene of surpassing beauty met their eyes. The Princess, alighting from her donkey, walked up the avenue of sphinxes to the big temple, lost in admiration of the spectacle. The moon shone brightly on the gigantic columns, and as the party approached the temple, magnesium lights suddenly displayed the form of the ruins, while in the background rockets and fireworks made stars of different colours.

This illumination had been arranged by the Prince to surprise the Princess. But after all, the temple lighted by moonlight alone, and with the starlit sky overhead, was the most striking sight of all, the columns seeming to touch the sky. "I walked about alone with the Princess," says Mrs. Grey, "amid this forest, one may say, of gigantic columns, and wherever we came there was some new scene to admire. One could not help forgetting the present and thinking of it all as it was 3,000 years ago." After a rest,

oriental fashion, on carpets spread in one of the great halls of the temple, the party returned, under the moon and starlit sky, over the plain to the ships anchored on the Nile, the Princess going full gallop on her white donkey amid a crowd of natives carrying lanterns, at a pace which made it difficult for her suite to keep up; so delighted was she with her ride that she turned back to meet the Prince, who was coming along more leisurely.

It was two o'clock before the Princess reached her dahabieh and was able to retire, after having been about all day, more or less, since six in the morning.

When, on February 22, the party set out for the second cataract the Princess met with an untoward adventure. It had been arranged that Her Royal Highness and Mrs. Grey should land at a certain place, and ride to



KING GEORGE OF GREECE IN 1869.

meet the Prince and his party at the foot of the first cataract, proceeding to explore the second. When they landed, the donkeys which were to have met them had not arrived, so there was nothing to be done but to take two wretched animals which chanced to be found. The Princess had to ride for some miles over the burning sand, not a breath of air stirring, on a strange donkey, without bridle or girths, only a cushion being tied on its back. She made light of the adventure, and laughed merrily



QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE IN NATIONAL DRESS.

over her predicament when at length her own donkey was found, and she was able to gallop forward to meet the Prince. A visit was paid to the Temple of Philæ before proceeding down the Nile to the second cataract. Again, at one of the stopping places the Princess mounted a donkey without saddle or bridle, and rode through some fields in the cleverest way. The skill in riding which she had acquired under her father's tuition, in her childhood, served her in good stead on many occasions during the tour.

On the return journey to Cairo the party visited the Pyramids of Ghizeh, where again the Princess was indefatigable in exploring the underground passages, going through the narrow, dusty ways with the greatest intrepidity, and clambering over dangerous bits of rock with precipices gaping below. Mrs. Grey confessed to have been tired out with this groping expedition, but not so the Princess, who mounted her donkey and rode round the Pyramid, and then went to look at the sphinx. By the middle of March the Prince and Princess, with their party,

were back again in their luxurious palace at Cairo, having greatly enjoyed their six weeks' trip on the Nile. The rest from official routine, the variety and novelty of the scenes, and the exhilarating climate had more than counterbalanced the passing inconveniences of travelling through the Great Nubian Desert, and the Princess was greatly benefited by the change. In Cairo she again visited the ladies of the Viceroy's harem, and enjoyed the fun of many novel shopping expeditions in the bazaars, sitting down to make her bargain with the Eastern salesmen in the most approved fashion.

The royal party left Cairo March 22, and after exploring the cuttings of the Suez Canal, under the guidance of its engineer, M. de Lesseps, embarked at Alexandria. The Princess saw this lovely city, with its palaces and bright coloured buildings, fade from view with great regret, and felt quite sorrowful at leaving Egypt, a land which had opened to her appreciative nature such a world of ancient glories and so much beauty and romance. The future, however, had its store of surprises and delights, and when she at length reached Constantinople the Princess renewed her acquaintance with Eastern art and luxury in the Sultan's Palace, a dream of beauty overlooking the blue waters of the Bosphorus. The Prince and Princess spent ten days in this wonderful abode, seeing the sights of Constantinople, and going *incognito* as Mr. and Mrs. Williams to shop in the bazaars, driving in a hackney carriage with one of the Sultan's servants dressed, much to his disgust, as a common coachman.

The chivalrous attention paid by the Sultan to the Princess of Wales became the theme of continental papers; especially was the fact noted that he, the Commander of the Faithful, had actually offered his arm to a Christian Princess. When the Sultan visited Paris he had not shown this civility to the Empress Eugenie, in spite of her then transcendent loveliness, and at a public ceremonial had, much to her astonishment, left her to descend from the daïs alone, while he took the hand of the Prince Imperial. Rumours were afloat that the Sultan intended to present the Princess with his portrait set in jewels, the cost to be £80,000. People at home were saying, as they read the reports of the fabulous luxury with which the Viceroy and the Sultan had surrounded their royal guests, that the "Arabian Nights" was now a super-

fluous book. Continuing the homeward journey, the travellers visited the Crimea, and were charmed with the beautiful country. They paid their tribute of respect to the brave men who had fallen, by a visit to the Cathcart Cemetery, walking among the graves of the heroes and plucking a flower or a weed in remembrance of some whose names they knew. From the Crimea they proceeded to Greece, where the Princess had the pleasure of seeing the sights of Athens under the conduct of her beloved brother, King George, and of passing some time at the palace

of Corfu, with his young bride, Queen Olga. There, as in Egypt, she was first to join in an adventurous expedition and out-distanced others in making the stiff ascent to the summit of the citadel on a hot day, but by this time the members of the suite had ceased to be astonished at anything which the Princess did, she had shown herself such an indefatigable traveller. The Prince and Princess reached Marlborough House, May 12, 1869,



THE KING'S PALACE, ATHENS, WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN STAYED IN 1869, ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE EAST.

after an absence of six months, and had a happy reunion with their children. In the following November another Princess was born and received the names of Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria. The expectation of this event prevented the Princess of Wales from being present at the marriage of her brother, the Crown Prince, to Princess Louise of Sweden, which took place at Stockholm, July 1869.

There is little doubt that the tour in the East remains a red-letter day in the life of Queen Alexandra. It has been her one experience of ad-

venturous travel as she did not accompany the Prince to India, and has never visited America or any of the Colonies. The tour afforded her intense delight as well as helping to restore her to health and buoyancy of

spirit, and to-day the Queen recounts, with the vivacity which marks her private intercourse, her recollections of this peep into the romantic world of the East, and sets great store by the mementoes which she retains of her travels.



THE KING AND QUEEN VISITING CATHCART CEMETERY IN THE
CRIMEA, 1869.

Home Life at Marlborough House and Sandringham



THE QUEEN RIDING AT SANDRINGHAM.
From Photo by G. Glanville, Tunbridge Wells.

CHAPTER V

Home Life at Marlborough House and Sandringham

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

Thomson.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

Young.

THE home life of Queen Alexandra, until the accession of the King, has, with the exception of autumn sojourns at Abergeldie Castle in days gone by, been divided between Marlborough House and Sandringham Hall, but whether passed in the ceremonious routine of her London home or amidst the simplicity of Sandringham it has been distinguished by the same charming characteristics. The Queen has a genius for the making of a home and the result would have been the same had destiny placed her in a cottage instead of in a palace. She delights in artistic and harmonious surroundings and her cultivated sense of the beautiful is apparent in the rooms where her individual taste has had sway. The airy brightness, softly blended colours, perfection of form, and the graceful adaptation of the useful seen in her apartments bespeak the artist mind. Society crazes for the collection of this or that form of bric-a-brac have never found a devotee in Queen Alexandra,

and she is as averse from adopting the "latest" style in the decoration of her rooms as she would be from wearing the latest absurdity decreed by fashion. Unique little devices to combine comfort and elegance have a special attraction for the Queen, an instance of which is a sofa designed by the King for her boudoir at Marlborough House. It is constructed to hold books on the one side and has a reading desk on the other. In the same room is a screen made of family photographs. Another object in Her Majesty's boudoir is a large rag doll, which, though not exactly an art treasure, is very popular with her grandchildren and other juvenile visitors.

Sentiment plays a large part in the home surroundings of the Queen, and she will treasure some apparently worthless thing for the sake of a dear memory. She dislikes change in her immediate surroundings and has special portraits of her loved ones, together with little objects having a tender



THE QUEEN AND HER WOLF-HOUND ALEC AT THE DOOR OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.
From Photo by T. Fall, 9, Baker Street, W.

history, taken wherever she goes, to be put in their accustomed places on the tables of her boudoir and dressing-room. A true child of Nature, the Queen loves to have evidences of life around her. Ferns and palms spread their graceful foliage over statuary and mirrors; flowers brighten and perfume every corner and table, and pet animals are always in the Queen's rooms. For many years, Cockie, a famous cockatoo, had his cage in her dressing-room, until his conversation became so noisy that he had to be banished; a soft white dove with ruby eyes, who would perch on his mistress's finger or shoulder, was another favoured pet; while several dogs have passed in succession lives of luxury upon silken cushions in Her Majesty's rooms. To-day the reigning pets are Billy, a white Japanese spaniel marked with black, and Punchy, a

quaint little Chinese dog. They are practically always with the Queen and travel with her wherever she goes. The traits which specially distinguish the Queen's home life all group themselves under the heading of Love—love for the beautiful in Art and Nature and for all domestic animals, a solicitous regard for servants and dependants of all degrees, compassion for the poor, tactful consideration for her guests, and devotion to her family.

Marlborough House was, during the early part of the Queen's married life, more "home" even than Sandringham. There most of her children were born and the greater part of each year spent. Built by the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, on a corner of St. James's Park which that imperious favourite had obtained from Queen Anne, the house eventually came into possession

of the Crown and was the town residence of the dowager Queen Adelaide. When it became necessary to select a town house for the Prince of Wales on his marriage, Marlborough House was chosen by the late Queen and the Prince Consort, its close proximity to St. James's Palace and nearness to Buckingham Palace rendering it especially convenient for the home of the heir-apparent. The alterations, renovation and furnishing were not completed when the bride arrived, and some little time elapsed after the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales before the house was ready for their occupation. It is essentially a town residence, opening from the courtyard directly into the busy thoroughfare of Pall Mall, which no longer has its "sweet, shady side." Gone, too, is the woodland grove near the site of the house where Charles I. and Henrietta Maria loved to walk; all that remains of sylvan beauty are the spacious lawns studded with fine old trees dividing Marlborough House from the Mall. In these grounds the King and Queen have given a long succession of garden parties, and we picture them moving about amongst their guests with that gracious affability so peculiarly their own. All through their long and popular reign as Prince and Princess of Wales they have driven from Marlborough House to the innumerable social, civic, and philanthropic functions which they attended with such praiseworthy and ungrudging regularity, first as the youthful bride and bridegroom, then accompanied by their children, the young Princes making their pretty salutes to the people, who never failed

to gather about the gates of Marlborough House when the Royal Family were in residence. Some never-to-be-forgotten scenes took place when the Prince came back to Marlborough House after his almost fatal illness in 1871, and was greeted by the cheers of a relieved though still anxious people. A day or two later the royal pair were the object of a still more enthusiastic demonstration when they entered Marlborough House after the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's. In the years which sped onward, they have received at the well-known gates many ovations, notably as they drove forth to the marriages of their three children, and to-day these have been crowned by the loyal demonstration which greeted them when they first entered Marlborough House as King and Queen.

At this residence, so endeared to them by happy memories, their majesties have entertained, with few, if any, exceptions, all the crowned heads, princes and princesses, and distinguished personages who have throughout the last thirty-eight years visited this country, and have been ever ready to extend their hospitality to those eminent in art, literature, and politics. Gracious alike to all, the Queen has always shown herself specially pleased to receive members of the musical profession. As a hostess she is distinguished for kindness and consideration, and has an easy, even homely, manner which sets her visitors at ease and tends to make them forget that she is other than a charming and graceful woman. Her ready sympathy never fails, and although she may not be able to converse with learned people on their

special topics, she has tact, amounting almost to genius, which enables her to say exactly the right thing to eminent men who may have the honour to sit beside her at dinner. Lord Beaconsfield

his neighbour, let the knife slip and cut his finger. In a moment the Princess improvised a bandage for the wound with her own handkerchief, and Beaconsfield, bowing low, exclaimed, "When I asked



THE QUEEN AND HER SISTERS.

used to relate with great satisfaction a story of the sympathy once displayed by Queen Alexandra towards himself. He was cutting a hard dinner roll, and in turning to make some courtly observation to the Princess of Wales, who was

for bread they gave me a stone, but I had a princess to bind my wounds." Another incident of a more amusing character will serve to illustrate the Queen's happy way of passing off an awkward moment. It was not until

several years after her marriage that she met Lord Tennyson in private, and in the course of the interview she requested him to read his "ode" on her arrival in this country. As the poet proceeded the personal eulogy began to strike the Princess as being a little amusing when repeated in her hearing, and Tennyson also showed signs that the position was awkward. Both kept their countenances until the last word was uttered, and then as the Laureate raised his eyes to the Princess she gave him an arch and merry look, but in such a manner that instead of disconcerting the poet it set him at ease, and finally they had a hearty laugh together over the comicality of the situation.

For many years the balls at Marlborough House were the great events of the London season. The Prince and Princess were very fond of dancing, and animated their guests by their own enjoyment of the recreation, while the heartiness of their hospitality infused more life into the gatherings than was seen at the State balls at Buckingham Palace. The Princess was particularly fond of giving fancy dress balls, and her costumes were always admirably chosen to suit her face and figure. The "Marie Stuart" was a favourite dress, but whatever she wore the beautiful hostess was the fairest among the fair, for, to quote a saying of a well-known judge of beauty, "when the Princess of Wales enters a room she makes other women look plain." Of late years the Marlborough House balls have been discontinued, as since the death of her son the Queen has not danced.

No attempt will be made to enumerate even the most notable festivities of which their Majesties' town house was for so long the centre, and it is equally impossible to mention a tenth of the public acts performed by them each year during the London season. Some idea, however, of the round of duties in



THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MAUD.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

which the Queen has been called to take a part, will be gathered from the following list of engagements culled, haphazard, for the year 1879, from the *Court Journal* for the three summer months, and to the greater number of which the Princess accompanied the Prince :

- April 14. Opening of Hunstanton Convalescent Home.
- May 5. Annual dinner of Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association.
- " 15. Fancy bazaar in aid of West End Hospital for Paralytic and Epileptic Children.
- " 21. Bazaar in aid of Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Ventnor.

- June 4. Visit to Hertford British Hospital.
 " 17. Laying of foundation stone of new Norfolk and Norwich Dispensary.
 " 22. Visit to Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.
 " 24. Opening of new school and buildings of Alexandra Orphanage, Hornsey Rise: and their Royal Highnesses also passed through the grounds of Islington Workhouse.
 " 26. Annual dinner of West End Hospital.
 July 6. Visit to St. Saviour's Church for Deaf and Dumb.
 " 7. Opening of new wing of French Hospital, Leicester Square, also (same day) *Fête Française* on behalf of French Benevolent Institutions.
 " 8. Laying of foundation stone of new building for Royal Hospital for Incurables.
 " 9. Visit to Royal Normal College for the Blind, Upper Norwood.
 " 15. Visit to National Orphan Home, Ham Common.
 " 17. Laying foundation stone of additional buildings of Hospital for Consumption, Brompton.
 " 18. Distribution of Prizes at North London Collegiate School for Girls.

engagements, she contrived more than many ladies occupied in a lesser degree with the calls of the fashionable world, to have her children constantly about her, and to regularly visit the nurseries. Marlborough House had its home as well as its Court life. The Princes and Princesses were very simply brought up. They had plain fare and were dressed with the utmost neatness. Their governesses and tutors had full liberty to administer necessary punishment, but there was no austerity exercised by the King and Queen in the management of their children. Wise discipline, tempered by plenty of fun and frolic, characterised the Marlborough House nurseries. Queen Alexandra, as we have already seen, was reared in a strict and simple manner herself, and she was inclined perhaps to the side of indulgence with her own children, but she implanted in them a generous and considerate spirit towards all classes with whom

they were brought into contact, while among themselves it would be impossible to find a more affectionate and united family than their Majesties' children have been from their earliest years



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE SUMMER-HOUSE AND ROYAL CHILDREN'S TOYS.
 From Photo by H. N. King.

Although while residing in the metropolis the Queen's life was filled to overflowing with public and social engagements, she contrived more than many ladies occupied in a lesser degree with the calls of the fashionable world, to have her children constantly about her, and to regularly visit the nurseries. Marlborough House had its home as well as its Court life. The Princes and Princesses were very simply brought up. They had plain fare and were dressed with the utmost neatness. Their governesses and tutors had full liberty to administer necessary punishment, but there was no austerity exercised by the King and Queen in the management of their children. Wise discipline, tempered by plenty of fun and frolic, characterised the Marlborough House nurseries. Queen Alexandra, as we have already seen, was reared in a strict and simple manner herself, and she was inclined perhaps to the side of indulgence with her own children, but she implanted in them a generous and considerate spirit towards all classes with whom they were brought into contact, while among themselves it would be impossible to find a more affectionate and united family than their Majesties' children have been from their earliest years

unto the present time. Christmas and birthdays were kept with homely enjoyment, and the choosing of presents

was characterised by affectionate simplicity. When her boys were little the Queen used to teach them verses to repeat to their father on his birthday, and one of these which she has preserved has a sad memory to-day. It bears the title—

EDDY'S VERSE FOR
PAPA'S BIRTHDAY,
Nov. 9, 1869.

and runs as follows :

Day of pleasure
Brightly dawning,
Take the gift
On this sweet
morning.
Our best hopes
And wishes blending,
Must yield joy
That's never ending.

"Georgie" also had his verse, and one can picture the happy young mother leading the little Princes to their father's room and gently coaching them as they re-

peated their lines, Eddy looking so handsome and serious and "Georgie" brimful of fun. Needless to say, Queen Alexandra early trained her children to take an interest in those less fortunately placed than themselves, and many toys and gifts were sent from the royal nurseries to sick children in the hospitals.

An East End clergyman tells the story how one day he was visiting a

poor child who had been discharged from the London hospital, and found her cherishing a bunch of faded flowers tied with ribbon which had once formed the sash of one of the Princesses of Wales.

As soon as her little girls were old

enough, the Queen invariably took them driving with her in the park, and to day functions which she might be attending. They were always dressed alike in pretty but very simple dresses. The King, though unable to have his boys as much with him as the Queen had her little girls, made a standing rule at Marlborough House that the Princes were to be allowed to go to his room



THE QUEEN IN 1869.

whenever they particularly wished to speak to him, and they often lingered about him during unofficial audiences. The young Princes and Princesses generally breakfasted in their own rooms, but almost invariably lunched with their parents. Their playground was in a retired corner of the garden at Marlborough House, and there they had a summer-house for their toys. The late Queen Louise of Denmark during

her visits to London exercised a grandmotherly supervision over the nurseries, and to her the Princess of Wales most naturally looked for advice in the management of her children.

It was after the present Sandringham House was built in 1870, on a site a little removed from the old hall hitherto occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, that the home life of Queen Alexandra centred more closely in Norfolk, and it became the custom for her to live there almost constantly from the autumn until the beginning of the London season, sojourns also being made at Sandringham for Easter and Whitsuntide. The Queen is tenderly attached to this home, and whatever changes the King's accession may occasion, Sandringham will remain a beloved retreat after the toils of State. Their Majesties have seen it developed year by year until now it has reached a great state of perfection. Picturesque cottages for the workpeople are seen on all sides; trimly kept gravel roads and paths, lined with deep borders of grass and dotted with clumps of rhododendrons intersect every portion of the estate, while the natural beauties

of the heather and gorse-covered moorland and the stretches of pine woods lend a charming variety to the scene. There is still an old-world look about this quaint bit of Norfolk, and many a legend survives of the smuggling days. Standing inland some three miles from the Wash, glimpses of the estuary can be obtained from the high ground around Sandringham, and the breezes blow direct from the North Sea. Over the surrounding country the forefathers of Queen Alexandra swept centuries ago, and it would seem as though they had left Danish characteristics behind them. The country bears a striking likeness to Denmark. There are the same level stretches of green pastures and patches of woodland, while the red-tiled houses dotting the landscape increase the similarity. It is a singular coincidence that the Queen's country home is one of the nearest points on our shores to Denmark. Surely it was the loadstone of the Danish Princess which drew the Prince of Wales to select a home on this spot, even before his engagement had taken place. As the crow flies, nothing intervenes at Sandringham between the



SANDRINGHAM HOUSE FROM THE TERRACE.

From Photo by Smith, Lynn.



TAPESTRY IN DINING-ROOM, SANDRINGHAM.

From Photo by Ralph. Published by the London Stereoscopic Company.

“sea-king’s daughter” and her old fatherland save the ocean.

The house, a red-brick structure, faced with white and pointed in the Elizabethan style, stands on a gentle rise overlooking a park of some three hundred acres. A sunny terrace skirts the garden front, and a lake winds picturesquely through the grounds. The principal entrance is by the beautiful Norwich gates, the wedding gift of the city of Norwich, which are approached from the outlying village of Dersingham by a public road skirted with wide boarders of turf. On either side stretch the pine woods, where pheasants, partridges, hares, and rabbits keep high holiday until the shooting season. The Hall stands mid-way between the villages of Dersingham and West Newton, is seven and a half miles from the important market town of Lynn, and two and a half from Wolferton, where some years ago the Great Eastern railway company made a station, and erected special waiting-rooms for the convenience of the then Prince of

Wales. The pretty little parish church of Sandringham, restored by the King, stands on a hillock surrounded by a graveyard, in a corner of the park; beyond is the rectory of the Rev. Canon Hervey, domestic Chaplain to the King. Near to it is the low, picturesque, ivy-covered technical school for girls. It was founded by the Queen for the purpose of instructing girls on the estate in domestic work and in spinning, weaving, and fine needlework, with a view to enabling the delicate ones to earn money either in the school or at their own homes, and to fit others for superior domestic service. It has been for the last few years under the very able management of Miss Wolfe and her sister, Miss Mabel, who have developed the instruction in art needlework and tapestry-making. The Queen encourages the girls by herself taking a thoroughly practical interest in their work; she has her own spinning wheel and also a hand loom for tapestry-making, which she occasionally uses, and she constantly visits the school.

Farther along the road is the handsome residence of General the Right Honourable Sir Dighton Probyn, Comptroller of the Household at Sandringham, and recently appointed Keeper of the King's Privy purse. Sir Dighton is a distinguished-looking man, who has been a most faithful servant to the King for the period of thirty years. He invariably attends Queen Alexandra when at Sandringham and has never once through all these long years slept away from his house when his royal mistress was at the Hall. He conducts her to her pew each Sunday in Sandringham Church, attends her

to her carriage when the service is over, frequently accompanies her when she rides, and was always at hand to relieve her of her camera when the Princess was taking snapshots at the village sports or the Prince's horse sale. A very assiduous attendant knight is Sir Dighton Probyn. On the opposite side of the park from the church is York Cottage, the

picturesque home of the present Prince and Princess of Wales, overlooking the lake, and a short distance from it is the pretty house of Mr. Frank Beck, the King's estate agent, whose father was employed in a similar capacity at Sandringham for twenty-six years. A brass tablet to the memory of the

elder Mr. Beck is in the church. Proceeding farther in this direction we reach the pheasantry, near which is the beautifully-kept cottage of Mr. Jackson, for thirty years head-keeper at Sandringham. Close by are the kennels, attended to by Mr. Brunson, who has a perfect little picture of a cottage in the



THE RIGHT HON. SIR DIGHTON PROBYN, COMPTROLLER OF THE HOUSEHOLD AT SANDRINGHAM.

From Photo by Robert Faulkner & Co., 21, Baker Street, W.

vicinity and has held his post for fifteen years. Next we come to the Queen's stables, where the favourite hacks and carriage horses lead a luxurious existence, in spotless stables lined with white tiles, under the superintendence of Mr. T. Prince and Mr. Westover. On the other side the road are the kitchen gardens and forcing houses, covering fourteen



INTERIOR OF TECHNICAL SCHOOL, SANDRINGHAM.

From Photo by Ralph. Published by the London Stereoscopic Company.

acres, which for a long period were under the charge of Mr. Mackellar, now promoted to be head gardener at Windsor Castle. Proceeding up a side turning we reach the King's stables, where the thoroughbreds are housed under the vigilant care of Mr. Walker, whose house stands near in a pretty garden. Close to the stables is the technical school for boys, managed by Mr. Swan, where the pupils are taught wood-carving and cabinet-making, and fitted for situations in the towns. Opposite is the Queen's model dairy, with a dainty tea-room entered from a lovely little garden. When the dairy was first started the Queen took an active interest in its management, and introduced the Danish method of butter-making, and in the time of the old dairy-woman, Mrs. Barker, the Princess and her young daughters often amused themselves at churning. The appointments

of the dairy are dainty and beautiful, with the blue tiles brought by the King from India, and the silver cream pans lined with egg-shell china, fixed on a marble counter. Round the walls are models in marble, terra-cotta, silver, and alabaster, of the prize animals bred on the estate. The tea-room is a dainty room, literally filled with presents from the Queen's family and friends; noticeable among them being the set of Balmoral china presented by the late Queen, each piece being painted with a view from the neighbourhood of Balmoral.

Continuing the round of the estate, we reach the village of West Newton, with its handsome church, restored by the King, where the Royal Family occasionally attend evening service. The Rev. Percy de Putron lives near, and shares the duties of the King's parishes of Sandringham, West Newton, and Babingley with Canon Hervey.

Opposite the church is the picturesque club-house, erected by the King for the benefit of men and youths working on the estate. Books and various kinds of recreation are provided, and there are stringent rules against drinking and gambling. The schools and the pretty row of Alexandra cottages complete the chief features of West Newton. Proceeding a mile or two farther we reach the parish of Babingley, containing the ruins of a church which occupies the site of the first Christian church which was built in Norfolk by Felix the Burgundian. It is unfit for worship, and some years ago the King built a picturesquely thatched iron church for the benefit of his people on this remote part of the estate. Half a mile from it, along the Lynn road, brings you to what was once a lonely farmhouse, but which, after the recovery of the King from typhoid, was at the Queen's suggestion converted into a hospital for the Sandringham servants. At the outbreak of the South African War, the Queen had the internal arrangements re-modelled to fit it as a convalescent home for officers. She superintended the furnishing herself, and anything more homely and artistic cannot be imagined. With its cheerful wall papers, dainty chintzes, and Chippendale furniture, it is a perfect little retreat. By the same kind heart, tennis and other amusements have been provided, also a smoking-lounge, and an awning arranged over the sunny verandah. Four or five officers can be accommodated at one time.

After making the round of the Sandringham estate one is impressed, not only by the spirit of good fellow-

ship which binds the royal master and mistress to their dependants, but the latter to each other. Is there sickness or trouble in one household, the entire community share it, and in like manner an individual joy becomes common property. The servants vie with each other in claiming length of service and early connection with the estate; even the sturdy and vigilant policeman who guards the Norwich gates hastens to let you know that he was "born and bred on the estate." From the time of her first coming to Sandringham the Queen has visited the homes of all her people. She knows the exact history of the old folks' ailments, and has followed the careers of their children. Her deeds of personal kindness bewilder one by their number, and meet one in unexpected places. I called at a wayside cottage in remote Babingley and found there a suffering woman with a bright, cheerful nurse in attendance. "Yes, ma'am," said the woman, "I have been unable to get about all winter, and as soon as the Queen heard I was too ill to attend to myself she sent a nurse to stay with me. She has been here for four months, and I have wanted for nothing, and Her Majesty has been several times to see me." At the kennels I found that the keeper had an only child, a sweet little girl, lying at the point of death, but he showed me a telegram just received from the Queen, then at Windsor, saying how anxious she was to hear whether there was any hope of the child's recovery, and expressing her sympathy with the stricken parents. "The Queen thought a lot of our little girl,"—every one on



"SNOWBALL," THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE COLLIE.

From a Painting by Miss Maud Earl.

the estate is of opinion that the Queen thinks "a lot" of their children—he told me; "and when she came to see the dogs she always came and sat down in my house to talk to my wife, and if the child was not in would ask for her."

Her Majesty has indeed been idolised in the vicinity of her Norfolk home since the day she came a bride, and the homely speech of a labourer's wife will serve to illustrate the feeling. "The grand event of the week to me," said she, "was to see my 'missus' and her children at church, and I fancied she had come straight from fairyland, for she always looked something out of the common."

Chancing one day to be going over the hospital at Lynn I found pleasurable excitement on the part of the charming matron and the patients, for

the Queen had just paid a surprise visit in her motor car. "It was most specially to see me, ma'am, that the Queen came," said Granny, a dear old lady in a red jacket and a black frilled silk cap shading her poor burned face. "You see I have been many years the gatekeeper of one of the lodges at Sandringham, and many's the time the dear Princess has come into my cottage, and when I stood up respectful like, she would say: 'Now sit down, and tell me how you are all going on,' and she would bring the dear children with her. Poor Prince Eddy, he was never far from her side, and Prince George—that's the Duke as is now enjoying himself in Australia—would be running all round my place asking about everything, and the Princess, she used to laugh at me because I was so nimble on my feet, and used to run so quick

to open the gate when I heard her pony carriage coming. Well, eleven weeks ago I met with an accident. I set my cap on fire bending over the candle, and I got terrible burned about the head and face, and they took me almost for dead to the Lynn Hospital, but thank God I am now getting quite brisk again. It happened about the time when their Majesties were much engaged in London; but when the Queen came to Sandringham, she said, 'I cannot leave without going to Lynn to see Granny,' and she brought me a basket of fruit and flowers, and when she sent boxes of chocolates to the other patients—she went round all the wards, but, of course, ma'am, it was most specially to see *me* that she came—she sent a large basket lined with silk, and filled with chocolates, for me." Poor dear old soul, what joy that visit had brought her!

Another afternoon the Queen, in her motor car, had called at the Convalescent Home at Hunstanton, which was erected in 1877 by public and private subscription, as a thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. Miss Beck, sister of the Sandringham estate agent, is the matron, and she and the patients are full of delight over the Queen's visit. "Her Majesty went into every room," said one of the convalescents to me, "and tried the beds to see if they were comfortable." I thought this was a little exaggeration of statement, but upon further inquiry I found that the Queen had really laid down on the bed, which had been her own gift, to see that the spring mattress was still in good condition. Many of the patients were

out walking when the Queen called, and they soothed their disappointments on their return by rolling on the bed where Her Majesty had lain. One wonders whether the spring mattress is still in good condition!

But to return to Sandringham. It is in no sense a show house, and to detail the contents and furnishing would seem a desecration. The *tout ensemble* is that of a charming country home; repose and comfort reign everywhere. Family portraits and pictures hang on the walls, souvenirs of loved ones are to be seen on all sides, together with models of pet animals deceased. There are gifts from special visitors, among which may be mentioned the exquisite Dresden china candelabra given by the Emperor William after his visit in 1900. The drawing-room overlooks the garden terrace, and above it is the Queen's boudoir with the same charming outlook over gardens, lake, and park. The King has a room entirely furnished with the furniture used in his rooms on the *Serapis*, in which he made his voyage to India. The ball-room and its adjacent supper-room have been the scene of many gay gatherings when the King and Queen have entertained their Norfolk neighbours. It was for many years their custom to give three balls during the winter to the county, tenantry, and servants respectively, and it would be impossible to imagine more delightful hospitality than was dispensed at Sandringham on these occasions. Every guest was made to feel at home, and no one was allowed to be dull, while their Majesties joined heartily in the dancing. Since the death of the Duke

of Clarence the balls have been discontinued. It is always the custom of the Queen to give a tea-party in the ball-room to the school children on the estate (some five hundred in number) on the anniversary of her birthday, December 1. Tables are laid for the tea, and the Queen and her daughters wait upon the children and devise games for them. "Won't you have some more cake?" the Queen will say to some little visitor, and if the child is too shy to speak, Her Majesty will continue laughing, "Give me your pocket handkerchief and I will tie up some buns and cake for you to take home." At Christmas, too, the ball-room again presents an animated scene when a Christmas-tree some thirty feet high, stands at one end glittering with lights and loaded with presents. The gifts are distributed by the Queen to members of the household. On the King's birthday a dinner is always given to the labourers on the estate.

Throughout the winter there are frequent shooting-parties at Sandring-

ham, the most important being for the King's birthday, November 9, when it is the rule to shoot in the woods nearest to the house. The beaters in their red-and-blue suits make figures bright amongst the pines. The Queen and her daughters and guests usually join the sportsmen

at luncheon, which is served in a tent near the cover. All return to the Hall for tea at five o'clock, which is served in the saloon in homely fashion at a set table, the Queen always pouring out tea and, indeed, frequently making it herself, while she chats and laughs with her guests over the day's sport. Several hours of mutual relaxation are

spent until dinner at nine o'clock. It is the general testimony of all who have been entertained at Sandringham that it is the pleasantest and most homely country house they have ever stayed in. The King provides continual diversion for his guests and the Queen personally visits the rooms of her visitors to see that nothing has been omitted for their comfort, although Her Majesty chiefly relies on the able



THE QUEEN IN THE GARDEN AT SANDRINGHAM WITH HER DOGS BILLY, PUNCHY, AND CHOW PLUMPIE.

From Photo by Thos. Fall, Baker Street.



THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE ROSE COMB BANTAMS.

management of her housekeeper, Mrs. Butler, who has occupied her post at Sandringham for a great number of years. Formerly the King and Queen hunted, and meets took place in front of the Hall. The Queen has several trophies of the chase in her rooms and was for many years an intrepid rider to hounds.

It has been a time-honoured custom with the King and Queen and their family to walk round the estate on Sunday afternoons to visit the pet animals. The Queen will go from stall to stall in the stables caressing her favourite horses, who know her step quite well and turn expectantly for the carrots which she has in store for them. Passing to the kennels, the Queen calls at Mr. Jackson's, the head-keeper's house, where Mrs. Jackson has in readiness two dainty baskets filled with pieces of bread. The Queen is arrayed in a large white apron and attended by Mr. Brunsdon, the keeper, herself opens the doors of the various kennels, and big dogs and little dogs, collies, pomeranians, hounds, and pugs,

come jumping and barking about her as she throws them pieces of bread. All know her voice and vie with each other to gain a caress. The curious thing is that while the dogs will not touch bread if given to them by the keepers, they will eat up every scrap thrown to them by their beloved mistress. A visitor who on one occasion accompanied the Queen to the kennels remarked that his dogs would not touch bread. "Then they have not been properly brought up," replied Her Majesty. Near to the kennels is the King's pheasantry and the bantam-rearing ground, which is the Queen's latest hobby. She always spends some time in watching the consequential antics of these miniature fowls. Her favourites are a breed of black bantams with bright rose combs. The incubators where the pheasants' eggs are finally hatched also afford the Queen much interest. She loves to fondle the fluffy little things just emerged from the eggs. The aviaries next claim the Queen's attention, more particularly the dove house,

where live the numerous descendants of the dove given to Her Majesty when she first visited Ireland. On her return to London she purchased him a mate and conveyed the pair to Sandringham. These lovely birds

Victoria is to-day the Queen's constant companion in her walks and drives, and her right hand in charitable work. "If ever there was a true daughter of father and mother," said one of the household to me, "it is



HON. CHARLOTTE KNOLLYS.
From Photo by Miss Alice Hughes.

are pure white with pink eyes. "Willie," an old favourite, will perch on the Queen's hand and nestle against her cheek. After the round of the estate has been made the royal party take tea in Her Majesty's dainty room at the dairy. The Princess

the Princess Victoria. She is so sweet and unassuming, and any one can approach her."

No account of the home life of the Queen would be complete without a reference to the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, who, in her capacity of

Woman of the Bedchamber, has been the Queen's confidential lady and trusted friend for between twenty and thirty years. She is the daughter of the late General Sir William Knollys, and sister of Sir Francis Knollys. To great charm of manner Miss Knollys unites considerable business faculty, and her astute judgment and knowledge of affairs make her invaluable to the Queen, whom she invariably accompanies wherever she goes. Miss

Knollys has been to Denmark with her royal mistress some thirty to forty times, and is held in the highest esteem by the Danish Royal Family. It is no exaggeration to say that Miss Knollys would die to serve the Queen. One of Her Majesty's first acts after the King's accession was to have the title of "Honourable" conferred upon Miss Knollys, thus raising her to the rank of a Baron's daughter.

Shadow and Sunshine



THE KING AND QUEEN AND FAMILY.
From Photo by J. Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

CHAPTER VI

Shadow and Sunshine

(PERIOD 1871-88.)

There are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy,
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it.

—*Talfourd.*

QUEEN ALEXANDRA has had her share of the shadow as well as of the sunshine of life, and it is a sad coincidence that at her loved home of Sandringham she has been called to yield to Death her youngest and her eldest born. For the latter the whole nation mourned with the stricken parents, but only the mother grieved for the child who scarce had lived. Like the "Grandmother" of Tennyson's poem, the Queen wept sore for the babe who had fought for his life, and that little grave in the churchyard at Sandringham, which she has marked with a simple white cross bearing the words, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," is very sacred to her heart. The infant Prince was born at Sandringham, April 6, 1871, and died the following day, having received the names of Alexander John Charles Albert. He was the first English Prince christened John since the reign

of Henry IV. A memorial window was placed to his baby memory in Sandringham church, the subject chosen by his mother being Christ blessing the little children.

The Princess of Wales had scarcely recovered her health and spirits when a fresh trial came in the nearly fatal illness of the Prince. In November of 1871, he was seized with typhoid fever at Sandringham, shortly after his return from visiting Lord Londesborough at Scarborough. Sir William Gull, Sir William Jenner, and Dr. Clayton and Dr. Lowe were summoned to consult on the Prince's case. The Princess nursed her husband devotedly, and was greatly helped by the knowledge of her beloved sister-in-law, Princess Alice of Hesse, who happened to be visiting Sandringham with her children at the time. Queen Victoria hastened to her son's side, but finding no cause for alarm, returned to Windsor, taking with her her grandchildren of

Wales and of Hesse. For a fortnight the fever, though severe, appeared to be running its usual course.

On December 1 the Prince recovered consciousness, and on being told the date he said to his physician, "This is the Princess's birthday." His overjoyed wife hastened to his side, smiling through her tears that she was the first in his waking thoughts. Next



THE KING AT THE TIME OF HIS ILLNESS, 1871.
From Photo by J. Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

the Prince asked for his children, and on being told that they were with the Queen, he said, "Has the Queen come from Scotland? Does she know I am ill?" This temporary gleam of sunshine, which seemed to have come to give the Princess a happy birthday, soon faded and the shadows began to deepen. Frail as she was she bore the fatigue and anxieties of the time with great fortitude. She had learned in the school of suffering

herself, and well knew how to minister to her loved one, while her early training had given her a practical knowledge of the needs of a sick-room. "I know of no better nurses than the Queen of Denmark's daughters," said the late Czar Alexander on one occasion. Those in attendance on the Prince have given testimony to the calm and collected manner and singular equanimity with which the Princess bore herself, and she maintained this restrained attitude even in the midst of the terrible period of anxiety which began on December 6, when it seemed that all hope must be abandoned. Queen Victoria hurried from Windsor, and on her arrival at Sandringham summoned other members of the Royal Family. For a week the Prince's life hung by a thread, and it is apparent from the Princess's telegrams to her dear friend, the late Duchess of Teck, that she had almost lost hope of her husband's recovery.

Words fail to describe the excitement which prevailed in London. All through the cold wintry nights large crowds waited outside the newspaper offices in Fleet Street, and by day business was almost suspended. The vicinity of Marlborough House was thronged day and night with anxious faces. Prayers for the Prince's recovery were offered up in all places of worship throughout the country on Sunday, December 10, and in the churches of distant colonies, where the mournful tidings had been flashed. Protestant and Roman Catholic, Greek, Jew, Mohammedan, and Persian joined in the universal supplication.

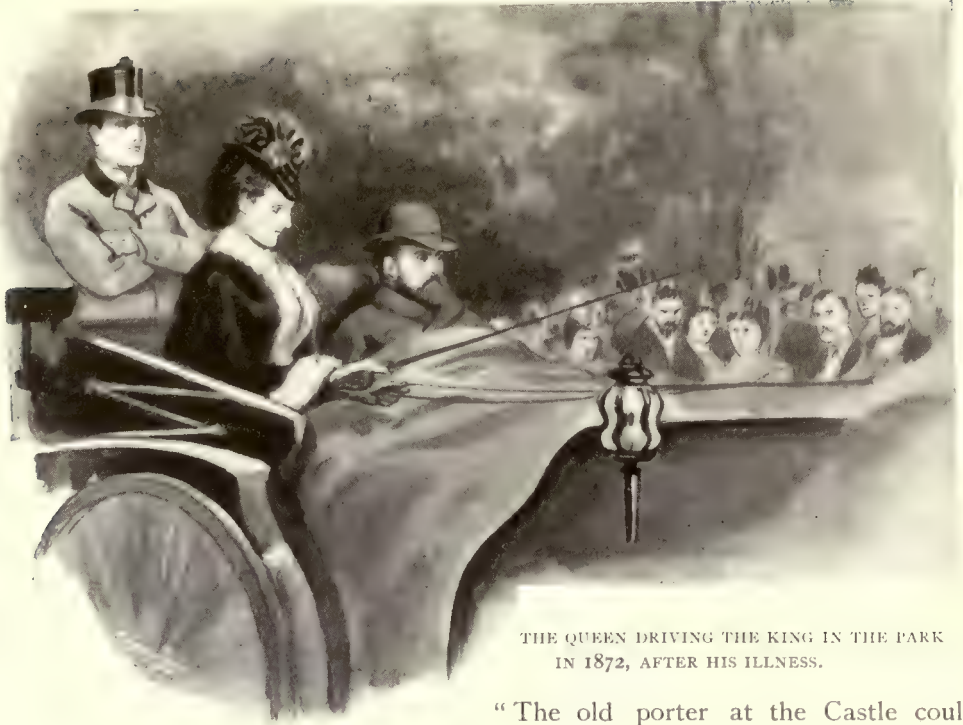
But while these services expressed

the public mind, that held in the village church of Sandringham had a tenderer and more intimate interest. Shortly before the service the Rev. W. L. Onslow, the rector, received the following note from the Princess: "My husband being, thank God, somewhat better, I am coming to church. I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded, that I may watch by his bedside. Can you not say a few words in prayer in the early part of the service that I may join with you in prayer for my husband before I return to him." Never had the Princess been dearer to the village folk than as she sat in her accustomed seat on that Sunday morning, her sweet pale face so pathetic in its calm restraint. The prayers which mingled with hers came from the hearts of loyal friends, those to whom she had been delighted to minister at all times. And, indeed, in the midst of her own overwhelming anxiety she had still shown the same thoughtful spirit. A stable boy, named Charles Blegg, was lying ill of typhoid at the same time as the Prince, and as soon as this became known to the Princess she requested her husband's physician to attend him, and ordered that he should be supplied from the Hall with everything which he needed. Not only so, but often at nine o'clock in a morning the Princess would leave the side of her own dear invalid, climb the steep steps to the room over the stables where the sick boy lay, and herself give him some refreshing delicacy. In spite of all care, poor Blegg died, and the Princess visited his parents to mingle her tears with theirs; she

attended his funeral service and caused to be placed over his grave a tombstone with the words, "One was taken and the other left."

On December 11 the Prince appeared to be sinking. No less than ten bulletins appeared in a single day in *The Times*. "He still lives and we may hope" were the words with which people greeted each other. On the December 14, the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, there were melancholy forebodings. In the evening a never-to-be-forgotten scene occurred at Sandringham. Sir William Gull was pacing the terrace in a brief interval of absence from his patient's side when the nurse came running to him gasping the words, "Do come! I am sure he is dying." When the doctor returned and saw the Prince, contrary to all expectation, he gave a sigh of relief. "Thank God," said he, "the crisis is passed. I believe that he will recover." By the 16th the Prince was so far out of danger that the younger members of the Royal Family left Sandringham.

As, in the midst of her deep anxiety, the Princess had been sustained by the sympathy of a people who regarded her with such loving solicitude that they feared for the cruel winds of Fate to touch her, so now her joy was shared by all classes of her husband's future subjects. On Christmas Day she made her usual distribution of gifts to the labourers and children of the estate, assisted by Princess Alice, and there was a pretty little celebration in the invalid's room. The Prince conveyed his good wishes to the people by General Sir William Knollys. The



THE QUEEN DRIVING THE KING IN THE PARK
IN 1872, AFTER HIS ILLNESS.

New Year dawned bright and hopeful, and early in February the Prince, accompanied by his devoted wife, went to Osborne for a change of air, and later proceeded to Windsor. A charming glimpse into the inner life of the royal couple is given in a letter written by Constance, Duchess of Westminster, after she had paid a visit to their Royal Highnesses at the Castle: "I cannot say what an emotion it was seeing the Prince and Princess. They were both too nice. He is much thinner and head shaven, but very unaltered in face, and so *grateful*, so touched at Lucy and I being there to see them arrive. We had tea with them. The Princess looks thin and worn, but so affectionate—tears in her eyes talking of him; and his manner to her so gentle. . . ." The Duchess then describes the arrival of the Prince and Princess at Windsor:

"The old porter at the Castle could scarcely speak. When I remarked to him that the Prince looked wonderfully well, after he had passed, he answered, 'Yes, indeed, my lady; doesn't he look beautiful?'"

At the end of February their Royal Highnesses came to Marlborough House in readiness for the day of national thanksgiving, which was fixed for Tuesday, February 27. On the day after their arrival the Princess drove her dear convalescent in the park, suffering no one to handle the reins but herself. This was a delightful surprise for the people, and touching demonstrations took place wherever the pony phaeton appeared. It was noted that the Prince seemed to feel the cold and his wife was solicitous in having an extra rug wrapped about him. When he alighted at Marlborough House he was still so weak as to be obliged to be carried upstairs in a chair.



THE ROYAL
PEW AT ST. PAUL'S
ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1872

avers that
one man
opened his
mouth so
wide with
astonish-

Thanksgiving Day was an anxious as well as joyous occasion for the Princess. It was bitterly cold and the royal procession had a progress of seven miles to make through the city and West End on its way to and from St. Paul's Cathedral, and the strain on the Prince's strength was evident as he drove through the tumultuous throngs. The Princess, dressed in a pretty blue costume, drove beside the Queen, the Prince sitting opposite to them, and it was evident from the mottoes along the route that a large share of the demonstration was designed for her. "Heaven bless our Princess Alexandra,"

Well hast thou done a good wife's part,
The nation thanks thee with a grateful heart,
were interspersed with references to the Queen and the Prince, and one rhymester hit the popular feeling in :

To God who spared his life,
To Jenner, Gull and Lowe,
And to the Princess wife,
Our gratitude we owe.

It was a day of crowds, banners, mottoes and illuminations. *The Lancet*

ment at the crowds that he dislocated his jaws. The sight of a consumptive boy being lifted shoulder-high by a navvy caught the ever sympathetic eye of the Princess and deeply touched her.

The scene inside St. Paul's as the Queen with the Prince and Princess and their two little boys advanced to the royal seat was one never to be forgotten. The holy calm of the great cathedral, the hushed respect of its 14,000 worshippers, the singing of the white-robed choir, the imposing gathering of clergy and the pealing organ, united to make a rare and impressive spectacle. As the strains of the anthem arose : "Thou hast not given me over to Death," the Queen and the Princess silently wept, and the Prince was scarcely less affected. After the service, the royal procession returned to Buckingham Palace, and for the rest of the day :

London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
Her trebled millions and loud leagues of
men.

St. Paul's was illuminated with the

rest of the city at night, and medals were struck in memory of the day.

The inhabitants of Fleet Street subscribed a Bible for Prince Albert Victor of Wales as a memento of the occasion. It was designed by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode and contained seventy-two illustrations of places in the Holy Land visited by his father, and had a cover of ivory slabs with his monogram in enamel. To-day this Bible is sadly treasured by Queen Alexandra in memory of the son for whom alas! there was destined to be no Thanksgiving Day.

The period of the Prince's convalescence was slow, and the Princess devoted herself to relieving the tedium by her bright, cheerful company, now driving him in the park, and at other times for little shopping expeditions in the West End. Later, they stayed in the Riviera incognito as the Earl and Countess of Chester, driving about Nice in a basket carriage, and amusing themselves at the little local theatre in an evening. Proceeding to Rome they dropped their incognito, and visited the Pope, who granted a special permission to the Princess to see the interior of any convent in Rome which she might select. Their Royal Highnesses remained in the Holy City over Easter, and were joined by the

Princess's parents and her youngest sister, the Princess Thyra. After their return home they passed the greater part of the summer at Chiswick, and the Princess occasionally drove the Prince up to London when it was necessary for them to be at Marlborough House.

In July the Prince and Princess resumed their public activities by going in state to open the Bethnal Green Museum, receiving a remarkable reception as they drove through the East End. A few days later the Princess laid the stone of a new building for the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, an institution to which she frequently took her own little girls that they might sympathise with patients of their own age, and which has ever



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1874.

been under the Queen's special patronage. After a sojourn in her own loved Denmark with her children in the following September the Princess returned to London and began again her continuous round of public duties, which were considerably increased by the anxiety of all sections of the country to have the presence of the Prince after his restoration to health, and a reciprocal feeling on the part of His Royal Highness, who was deeply touched by the evidence which he had received of the love of his future

subjects, and doubly anxious to fulfil his duty to the nation.

In the winter of 1874, the Prince and Princess went to Russia to be present at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Marie, only daughter of the Czar Alexandra II., which took place at St. Petersburg, January 23. The event was a double pleasure to Queen Alexandra. She was pleased at the union of her brother-in-law with the Imperial family into which her sister Dagmar had married, and delighted at the opportunity which this visit to the Russian court gave her of spending some time with that beloved sister. The names of their royal highnesses were quaintly entered amongst the royal guests at the palace as the Prince and Princess Walesky, which appears to be the manner of their title in Russ.

The Princess "Walesky" was a great favourite at St. Petersburg, and charmed the Russians by the interest which she took in their charitable institutions, many of which she visited with her sister after the wedding festivities were over. Indeed, it has always been the habit of the sisters to work together in philanthropy for the mutual good of their respective countries. If "Dagmar" learns some new idea for the treatment of disease or evolves a scheme for benefiting some class of the people it is communicated to "Alexandra," who endeavours to put it into practice



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

here—and vice versa. A case in point is the light cure for lupus which both sisters introduced at St. Petersburg and London almost simultaneously, providing the experimental apparatus out of their private purses. The institution which during the above visit most interested the Princess, was the great Foundling Hospital at St. Petersburg, where she passed some time walking through the immense galleries of nurses and babies, chatting and playing with the tiny occupants of the cots. She always visits the Foundlings when at St. Petersburg, and has a long-cherished

wish that an institution on the same lines might be started in London.

On their way to Russia the Prince and Princess spent a few days with the Crown Princess (late Empress Frederick) at Potsdam, and an evidence of the wonderful spirit and vivacity of Queen Alexandra occurs incidentally in the diary of Dean Stanley, who also stayed at Potsdam on his way to officiate at the royal marriage in St. Petersburg. He chronicles the arrival of their royal highnesses, and adds, "Imagine the energy of the Prince and Princess of Wales after their long journey of two nights and a day—skating away all the afternoon!"

In the following November the Princess made her first acquaintance with the stirring metropolis of the Midlands, going thither from Drayton Manor, where she and the Prince were visiting Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Chamberlain was then Mayor of Birmingham, and so democratic was he in those days that comments of surprise were made by the press at the courtly manner in which he devoted himself to the royal visitors.

Hitherto Queen Alexandra had had an unbroken family life, but in October of 1875 the departure of the Prince for a tour in India caused the first prolonged break in her home circle. She was divided between her desire to accompany the Prince and her dread of the long separation from her children, added to which it was feared the toils of the journey would prove too trying for her health. We get a characteristic glimpse into the situation in the diary of the Duchess of Teck. Referring to a farewell visit to Marl-

borough House, she writes: "We lunched with Wales and Alix, and I thought her lovelier than ever. She is a very great darling, and I *just adore her*. Though I am *quite* in favour of Wales going to India, I grieve for her at the long separation, and wish she could have gone out with him, if only for a part of the time." Dean Stanley, in referring to the visit paid by the Prince and Princess and their five children to take leave of himself and Lady Augusta, records: "The Princess looked inexpressibly sad." Before the separation the Prince spent some weeks at Abergeldie Castle with his wife and family, and Queen Victoria has chronicled his departure from the Highlands in her simple, homely style so devoid of seeking after effect, yet making the greatest. On September 17 there was a farewell dinner at Balmoral, after which the Prince said good-bye to the household and servants. "Poor dear Alix seemed to feel it much," wrote the late Queen, "and so did I, as I embraced them both several times, and said I would go to see them off next morning." True to her promise the Queen was at Abergeldie by half-past nine the following morning. "There we found all in confusion," she writes. "Bertie was out in the garden, where we waited a little while, and then I went up and found poor Alix putting up her things in her bedroom—the three little girls there, the maids not yet off. At length, at a quarter past ten, they left. Dear Bertie wished all good-bye. Our ladies and gentlemen and all the people were assembled outside. Bertie shook hands with all. . . . It was very sad to see him



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK DRIVING HER TWO ELDEST DAUGHTERS.

From Photo by E. Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

drive off with Alix and the boys (the little girls followed in another carriage) not knowing what might not happen, or if he would ever return. May God bless him."

During the absence of the Prince, the Princess lived quietly at Sandringham for the most part, enjoying the country life with her children and driving the lovely Hungarian ponies which had been a parting present from her husband. The King and Queen of Denmark and Princess Thyra visited her at this period, and she also with her children paid a long visit to Copenhagen during the winter. At length the time of separation came to an end, and in May the Princess began preparations for welcoming the Prince home again. On the 11th she and her children sailed in the *Enchantress*, escorted by the Duke of Edinburgh, to meet the *Serapis*, going on board the latter near Yarmouth, Isle of Wight,

when a characteristic family reunion took place. The Princess was concerned at finding "Bertie" so bronzed, and she spoke graciously to the members of the Prince's suite, and was quite as pleased as her children with the interesting menagerie of rare animals on board the *Serapis*, which had been given to the Prince during his travels. A pretty scene took place at the jetty at Portsmouth when the Royal party landed, the Prince leading his smiling wife, and their five charming children following. Tremendous cheers greeted them as they reached the dais and received the civic deputation, and an overwhelming welcome awaited them at Victoria Station and at Buckingham Palace, to which they at once drove to see the Queen, returning later to Marlborough House. In the evening their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by their two sons, visited the Covent Garden opera, and received a great

ovation on entering the royal box. Before the opera began, Madame Albani sang "God save the Prince of Wales," the audience standing. On the following Sunday the Prince and Princess with their children attended a thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey, and a few days later a congratulatory concert at the Albert Hall and a welcome-home dinner given by the City at the Guildhall.

A season of great activity followed the Prince's return, and the Princess had a busy summer with the various functions in town, and in the following autumn accompanied her husband to the stone-laying of the new Post Office at Glasgow, and to the inauguration of an extension to the hospital at Norwich, when the Prince invested Lord Suffield with masonic honours as Grand Master of the Freemasons of Norfolk. The Princess looked specially radiant at these festivities, having her two sons with her, who now began to accompany their parents to public ceremonials.

When after the discharge of her State duties the Princess repaired to Sandringham some rather unique housekeeping experiences awaited her, for the Prince had brought home with him a cargo of curios and a menagerie of birds and animals, for which places had to be found; the Prince also desired to preserve the furniture of his rooms on board the *Serapis*. The prospect of housing and arranging the collection might have filled the mistress of a much larger house than Sandringham with dismay. The ship furniture was accommodated in an apartment by itself which is known at Sandringham

as the *Serapis* room, while the skins, shields, and the magnificent collection of carved ivory tusks were distributed through the hall and corridors, together with the other objects of interest and beauty presented by Indian princes. Many things were given to public institutions, but the relics of the Prince's tour which are at Sandringham to-day would make a valuable museum of Indian curios. Other relics were preserved in the Indian Room at Marlborough House. The live objects were, however, of the greatest interest to the Princess. There were parrots and birds, a handsome donkey called "Gib," a miniature pony "Nawab," and two pets which most anxious mothers would promptly have presented to the Zoological Gardens—namely, a pair of Himalayan bears. These fortunate bruins were, however, taken into Queen Alexandra's animal family, a pit was made for them, a keeper appointed, and for several years they enjoyed an Elysian existence, fed from the hands of their beautiful mistress, and were a source of amusement to the young Princes and Princesses and their friends.

An equal favourite with the bears was Nawab, the Indian pony. He was the special pet of the three young Princesses, who rode him in turns about the lanes decked with bright ribbons. He was so tiny and so agile that they sometimes rode him up the staircase at Sandringham into their mother's boudoir. A groom who was with the King in India, and had special charge of Nawab after his return, told me many stories of this wonderful pony. He was so harmless that the Princesses

were allowed to take him about alone, and one day they essayed the feat of riding him up the steps into the clubhouse at West Newton, much to the astonishment of the people inside. Nawab wore a very smart harness with red and gold about it, as became a distinguished Indian, and it was so tiny that when in time Nawab was gathered to his fathers, his harness had to be considerably enlarged before the little donkey "Maria," now the pet at Sandringham of the Queen's grandchildren, could wear it.

Hitherto the Princess had had her five children always at home, the Princes pursuing their studies with their tutor, the present Canon Dalton, and the Princesses with their governesses; but in 1877 the time arrived when her sons must see more of the world

and learn the lessons of life by contact with other boys. With the love of the sea, born of the Viking ancestry, and fostered by her early life in a palace by the Sound, the Princess most heartily concurred in the Prince's decision that their sons should have a two years' training on H.M. ship the *Britannia*.

The Princes passed their examination at the R.N. College at Greenwich

as naval cadets in May, 1877, and a few months later Prince George joined the *Britannia* at Dartmouth, Prince Albert Victor being unable to go at the same time, owing to an attack of typhoid fever, which, as was proved later, fatally undermined his hitherto strong and healthy constitution. Thanks to his mother's tender nursing, Prince Eddy was able to join the ship in the autumn,

and Prince George initiated him into the way of cadet life, having himself mastered the preliminaries and being already as good at a prank as the oldest middy on the *Britannia*.

The Princess had inspected her sons' quarters, which were of the simplest character, and doubtless had the mother's yearning to add little comforts; but her good sense restrained her from making her boys effeminate.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE, TAKEN ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

From Photo by Barraud.

Their hammocks were slung in a space twelve feet square, scarcely to be called a cabin, but with some amount of privacy. There stood their seamen's chests—into which "mother" had slipped just a few little luxuries—and around the enclosure hung portraits of their parents and sisters, views of Sandringham, and an engraving of Queen Victoria. They performed the same tasks as their fellow cadets, and

enjoyed the same half-holidays in Dartmouth, and in the case of Prince George played the same tricks on unsuspecting boating-parties whom they encountered on the Dart. Prince Eddy was bright and affable, but never cared for mischief.

The Princess gave a harmonium to the *Britannia*, and prints to hang round the ward-room and gun-room mess. In the autumn of 1878 she visited the ship to distribute the prizes to the cadets and looked proud and happy to see her sons developed into bronzed young middies, who came in a boat to take herself and the Prince alongside the *Britannia*, Prince Eddy steering and Prince George pulling in the crew.

After the Princes had completed two years' training on the *Britannia*, the Princess had them with her for a brief interval ere they started for their first voyage on the *Bacchante*, and the interval was largely spent on board the royal yacht *Osborne* during regatta week at Cowes in 1879, after which they accompanied her to Denmark to bid good-bye to their grandparents. In September she took a touching farewell of them at Spithead, after visiting their quarters on the *Bacchante* and satisfying herself that they had every comfort and many little reminders of home to cheer them on the voyage—that is, if the spirits of two merry young sailors needed such consolation. A mother has her own view in such matters, and doubtless Prince Eddy did at times grow a little homesick. The Princess gave him Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and Stevenson's "Treasure Island" to beguile the voyage.

The year quickly slipped by, and the following regatta week saw the Prince and Princess with their united family again enjoying the season at Cowes. Boating-parties and picnics were arranged, and little trips on the *Osborne* to places of interest. Lady Waterford's description of a visit which they paid to her at Highcliffe on Christchurch Bay gives a charming glimpse into the simple enjoyments of the Royal Family. "I had," she writes (August 26, 1880), "a great surprise in the unexpected visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales with their two sons and the two little Princesses landing on the beach, coming up to tea, and drawing nets on the shore till evening—the young Princes swimming about in flannels, and finally the Prince and his two sons swimming away to join the steam tug."

Next day the Princess, with her accustomed graciousness, sent the autographs of the Prince, herself, and each of her children to Lady Waterford for her visitors' book, expressing the pleasure which they had derived from their visit to Highcliffe.

On another occasion the royal party came again to see Lady Waterford, who records "The admiration of my fine old tea plate was beyond everything, especially by the Prince of Wales. I think I must leave it to him. The tea, with quantities of fruit and ices, was in the dining-room. The Princess picked a ripe fig off our tree and ate it, and thought it so good, and then all the children fell upon the tree and picked much that was *not* good."

In September of 1880 the young

Princes set out on a yet more extended voyage, travelling indeed round the world and calling at the various colonies. The record of their voyage, edited by their tutor, Canon Dalton, who again had the pleasure of being in attendance on the Duke of Cornwall and York during his recent tour through Greater Britain, was published under the title of "The Cruise of the Bacchante."



ROYAL FAMILY GROUP.

From Photo by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street, W.

Taken in the grounds at Sandringham, at the coming of age of the late Duke of Clarence.

In August of 1882 the Princess again welcomed her sons home, and had the happiness of seeing them confirmed, after their arrival at Osborne, at Whippingham Church in the presence of Queen Victoria. The brothers were now launched upon separate careers. Prince George completed his final studies for the Navy, while Prince Edward entered Cambridge. It was at this juncture that York Cottage in the park at Sandringham was fitted up as a bachelor's abode for Prince "Eddy," where he might pass his time and study with companions near his own age, under the supervision of Mr. J. M. Stephen, son of the late judge, preparatory to entering college. The Princess, wise mother as she ever was, heartily entered

into the plan, and her loving thought and her skill at arrangement made Bachelor's Cottage a delightful snuggerly.

Of the many public engagements fulfilled by Queen Alexandra during the foregoing period, the most notable were the visit to Cornwall in May, 1880, when the Prince laid the foundation-stones of Truro Cathedral with masonic ceremonial. Their Royal Highnesses and their sons were the guests of Lord Falmouth at Tregothnan. The Cornish people were delighted with their "Duchess," when after the stone-laying she held a reception to receive purses for the building-fund. In the autumn of 1881 she accompanied the Prince to Swansea to open a new dock. This was her first visit to the principality of which she was peculiarly

the Princess, and the demonstration along the route from Mr. Hussey Vivian's house at Singleton, where the royal guests stayed, to the docks, was most enthusiastic; 10,000 children lined the road, and 2,000 Welsh singers sang national airs.

In June of 1882 the Prince and Princess were the guests of Sir Titus Salt at Saltaire, and opened new Technical Schools at Bradford, and later went to Hastings to open a public park, driving afterwards to St. Leonard's, where the Princess opened a Children's Home. In August of this year the Maori chiefs, introduced by Canon Liddon, were received at Marlborough House by the Prince and Princess; and in the spring of 1883 another most picturesque reception took place, when the fisherwomen connected with the Fisheries Exhibition came to Marlborough House, the Princess and her children going on to the lawn to speak to the visitors.

The death of the Duke of Albany in 1884 rendered that year a quiet one, and there is little to record save the visit of the Prince and Princess to Newcastle-on-Tyne to open a public park, museum, and free library, when the town was illuminated and great enthusiasm displayed.

Possibly the happiest and proudest day of Queen Alexandra's life was January 8, 1885, when her eldest son—that mother's boy if ever there was one—came of age. The day was celebrated in simple, homely style at Sandringham. It was a bright frosty morning, and the villages around were all astir for the festivities. Bells pealed merrily, the road to the Hall was

lined with people, while a continuous stream of vehicles of every description brought those from outlying districts, and carriages bore the civic officials in their regalia from Norwich and Lynn and Cambridge. Five hundred schoolchildren in their red cloaks and hats lined the avenue. Inside the Hall there was mirth and congratulation, the hero of the hour receiving the good wishes of the large family party as they assembled for breakfast. A tender little scene had previously taken place between himself and his parents. The presents, which had come from all parts of the world, were arranged in a room to themselves. The telegraph was busy all day, and the post-bags brought piles of congratulatory letters; most interesting amongst these was a letter from Mr. Gladstone, who in courtly language brought before the young Prince the duties and responsibilities of the high estate to which he had been born, a communication deeply valued by Queen Alexandra, who always cherished a special friendship for Mr. Gladstone, as did the King and Queen of Denmark.

Family greetings over, at half-past eleven the Princess, looking radiant with happiness on the arm of her handsome son, led the way to the ball-room recently built to Sandringham Hall, followed by the long procession of guests, where the deputations from Norwich, Lynn, and Cambridge were received. Next the royal company repaired to the grounds, and, standing in front of the porch, received the keepers and labourers of the estate, some two hundred and fifty, headed by Mr. E. Beck, the estate agent.

Ringling cheers followed the congratulatory address, to which the young Prince modestly replied: "Many thanks to you all, my kind friends," and his mother smiled with moist eyes. Then down the avenue came prancing steeds, triumphal cars, lions demolishing dragons, camels, elephants, and the Black Prince in armour. The bands played and the children huzzahed as Sanger's Circus made its way to the marquee arranged for the performance. This was the Princess's idea for delighting the young people. All comers were admitted to the tent, and there were some two thousand persons of all ages present at the circus, which was enjoyed in company by the royal party and the humblest country folk.

Throughout the day there were feasting and festivity for the people of the estate, and in the evening the Sandringham grounds were illuminated and a grand ball was given, to which all the Norfolk notabilities were invited. There were a thousand guests, besides the large house party, which comprised

most of the members of the Royal Family, except the Queen herself, who had forwarded her special congratulations and a handsome birthday cup to her grandson. The hero of the day opened the ball with his mother looking her loveliest in a gown of red and white embossed satin, and seeming, as many of the company observed, like her son's sister. After his coming of age Prince Albert Victor returned to Cambridge, and on completing his college course was gazetted to the 10th Hussars, and went to Aldershot to join his regiment, having previously received the freedom of the city of London. Later he made a prolonged tour in India.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN CONSORT.

(At her silver wedding.)

From Photo by Alfred Ellis & Walery, 51, Baker Street, W.

This same year that Queen Alexandra witnessed the coming of age of her son, she brought out her eldest daughter, Princess Louise, who with her two sisters were among the bridesmaids of Princess Beatrice in the following July. In the spring of the year she paid her second visit to Ireland, accompanied by the King and the Duke of Clarence, an undertaking which required

some courage, owing to the very disturbed state of the country. Some counter demonstrations were made, but the visit was for the most part highly successful. The charming and gracious Princess warmed Pat's warm heart to furnace heat, and proved a greater protection to her husband and son than a regiment of soldiers. The Prince, too, won great popularity by going through some of the Dublin slums, accompanied by his son. It was during this visit that Queen Alexandra received the degree of Doctor of Music from Dublin University at the same time that the King was made a Doctor of Laws, both wearing their gowns at the ceremony. The Irish tour was concluded by a visit to Belfast, where a very loyal welcome was given.

The chief event which marked the public life of Queen Alexandra in 1886 was accompanying her husband to lay the stone of the Tower Bridge, June 21. The following autumn the Princess suffered from an attack of diphtheria, and went to recruit her health at Torquay.

The celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, June, 1887, brought to the Princess an unusual round of social engagements. With a daughter's loving solicitude she joined the Prince in lessening by their own exertions the strain on her Majesty's strength.

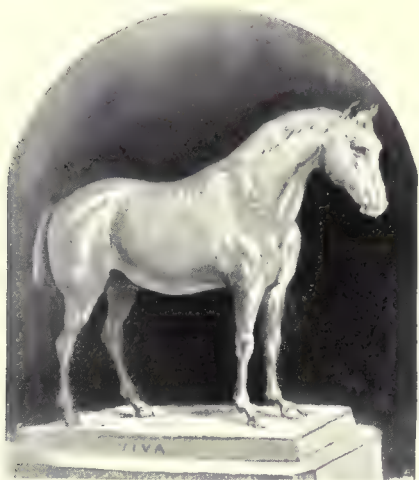
We have now arrived at the period when the Danish Princess had passed a quarter of a century in her adopted land, and had fully proved her qualities as wife, mother, and social leader. Not the shadow of a cloud had dimmed her first popularity, and to the graces of

her early youth were added the experience of riper years, making of her an example in her home and public life to all women. Her character had been chastened by suffering, and her sympathetic nature stirred to yet greater tender manifestations by drinking a little at the cup of sorrow. Her silver wedding-day found the Princess with an unbroken family circle; five sons and daughters had grown up to call her blessed, while the Prince valued her as the purest star of his life, ever guiding along the path of right-doing.

If the nation could have freely expressed its loyalty to the popular Prince and Princess of Wales, March 10, 1888, would have been celebrated with scarcely less enthusiasm than had marked the Jubilee of the previous year; but unfortunately the death of the Emperor William of Germany and the precarious condition of his successor, the Emperor Frederick, made it impossible for the Prince and Princess to keep their silver wedding with the public rejoicing which otherwise would have marked such an event. During the day the Princess held a reception at Marlborough House for the nobility and her friends. At 11.30 Queen Victoria drove in state to give her motherly congratulations, and throughout the day there was a continuous stream of callers. In the evening there was a family dinner party, at which Queen Victoria, the King of the Belgians, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark were present. The Princess made "silver" the keynote of the dinner table and its appointments. The guests wore white and silver. Numberless gifts came to

the royal pair, until it seemed that every device of the silversmith had found its way to Marlborough House. The Prince presented his wife with jewels, and had specially made for her an unique travelling-clock, inscribed with the words, "In memory of March 10, 1863-88, from A. E." From her children the Princess received a silver statuette of Viva, her favourite horse, and from her parents a silver gilt tea and coffee service. A number of ladies, friends of the Princess, gave

a tiara of diamonds which was presented by Lady Salisbury. The City Corporation gave a silver model of the Imperial Institute; a wedding cake six feet high was presented by Messrs. Gunter, of Berkeley Square; and, most interesting of all, the ten ladies who had been the Princess' bridesmaids came in a deputation bearing a silver casket. One of the number has told the writer: "We all looked old ladies, but the Princess as fresh and young as she did on her wedding day."



STATUETTE OF VIVA (IN SILVER), THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE HORSE.

A present from her children on her silver wedding day.

The Queen and Her Fatherland



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES TO PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.
Engraved by Wilhelm Teyde of Copenhagen, from the Printing by Professor Tuxen, now at Sandringham. Reproduced by special permission.

CHAPTER VII

The Queen and Her Fatherland

O loyal to the royal in thyself,
And loyal to thy land as it to thee.

I fancy the proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country is to reside some time in a foreign one.

IT is a rather remarkable fact that the most popular Princess of Wales and Queen Consort whom the country has known is distinguished for her devotion to her native land. Queen Alexandra has never sought to gain favour in her adopted country by neglecting her Fatherland, and the dual relationship has been maintained with so much tact and consideration that no jealousy or discontent has arisen on either side. When she was about to leave for England, her father's predecessor, King Frederic VII., gave his young kinswoman the following affectionate admonition: "You are going, Alexandra," said he, "to be the wife of the heir to the crown of a great and powerful country, but daughter of England though you will become, never forget that you are a Princess of Denmark." When on March 30, 1901, Queen Alexandra received, during a visit to her father's palace in Copenhagen, a loyal address from her compatriots, the sentiments which she expressed showed that she had not

forgotten King Frederic's admonition. "Receive," said the Queen, "my heartiest thanks for your beautiful address, which is an expression of the love and sympathy with which my dear compatriots still surround me, notwithstanding the lapse of so many years. It was a heavy blow which befel my husband and myself when God called our beloved and never-to-be-forgotten Queen Victoria to Himself. May God give us that strength and wisdom to discharge the manifold great and difficult duties which have now devolved upon us. In the confident hope of being able to contribute in the future towards the strengthening of the bonds which have for so many years united Great Britain to my dear old Fatherland, I express once more my profound gratitude, and beg you to transmit my thanks to all those who have signed the address."

The Queen has maintained the difficult rôle of being equally the daughter of England and of Denmark; and while a sympathetic interest in

her compatriots in this country has been a beautiful undercurrent in her life, it has not obtruded itself to the detriment of her interest in the people and country of her adoption. Her patriotism received a severe test the first year of her marriage, when the Prusso-Austrian war with Denmark broke out over the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The young Princess was deeply moved by the struggle of her native land against its powerful German rival, and it was natural that with her inexperience of the complications of foreign policy she should have privately resented the refusal of the country which had been showering its smiles upon her to help her poor little Denmark in its hour of need. The Queen was then but a girl, warm-hearted and full of sentiment, and regarded her marriage as an event which would bring to her own beloved land a powerful ally. Such, she was conscious, were the views entertained by the Danes, and it would have been in keeping with her romantic nature if she could have been a second Esther to plead the cause of her people in a strange land. Unfortunately for the Princess's dream, Queen Victoria's sentiments lay in the opposite direction. "I will never consent to make war on Germany," Her late Majesty frequently affirmed; "it is my mother's and my husband's country, and my daughter is the wife of the heir to the throne."

It says much for the sweet disposition and tact of the young daughter of Denmark that she caused no disruption at Court, and no ill-feeling between herself and the members of her husband's family through her dis-

appointment at the non-intervention of Great Britain in the quarrel. And although one may take the story *cum grano salis*, that when little Princess Beatrice was asked by a visitor at Windsor what she would like best for a present, she replied, in response to the prompting of her new sister-in-law, "The head of Bismarck on a charger," still, there is no doubt that the Princess of Wales never heard the Iron Chancellor named without a little display of feeling.

The history of this nation contains many instances of disruptions in the life of the Court, and even of danger to the monarchy, by reason of the undue influence exercised by foreigners in the *entourage* of queen consorts and princesses. We need only cite the dire disaster wrought by the French colony and priests, established by Henrietta Maria within the precincts of St. James' Palace, whom Charles I. ultimately ejected into the park, while his girl-queen relieved her feelings by smashing the window of the room from which she viewed the scene. The dissatisfaction occasioned by the queen's parade of papacy, and the influence at St. James' of her powerful mother, Mary de Medecis, was the beginning of the popular dissatisfaction which ultimately brought the king to the scaffold. Even the little Mecklenberg princess who came to be the bride of George III. brought in her train favourite German waiting-women, one of whom at least, the redoubtable Madame Schwollenberg, remained for long years to be the terror of the royal household, as Fanny Burney's experiences show.



ROYAL FAMILY OF DENMARK, 1888.

From a Picture in the Castle at Fredericksborg.

It is specially note-worthy that Queen Alexandra has never exercised her influence to find places at Court for those of her own nationality; her *entourage* having been, even when she came a young bride to a strange land, composed almost exclusively of English ladies. The one exception was the late Duchesse d'Otrante, a Swedish lady well acquainted with Denmark, who as the wife at that time of the Hon. William Grey was appointed a woman of the bedchamber to the Princess on her marriage. The recent death of the duchesse in her native Sweden, whither she returned after her second marriage to the Duc d'Otrante, has removed one of the earliest of Queen Alexandra's friends, and the only lady of her household who could speak Danish.

The other faithful attendant who

accompanied the young Princess from Denmark was Mr. Neilson, who has served her as page-in-waiting for thirty-eight years, and only retired from his post a short time before she became Queen. He had been a valued member of her father's household since she was eight years of age, and, being a good linguist, acted as courier for the family when they travelled abroad. In that capacity Mr. Neilson was present when the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra first met in the cathedral of Spire. He was a very popular person with the King of Denmark's family, and there was some rivalry amongst them for his services. "It is too bad, Neilson," said the youthful King George, who left for his kingdom soon after his sister's marriage, "that you are going to England with Alex when



DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA,
AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THE PARK AT
FREDENSBORG.

I want you to come to Greece with me"; and when a little later Princess Dagmar was preparing to go a bride to Russia, she envied her sister having secured "Neilson." It was at the special request of the late Queen Louise, to whom he was deeply attached, seconded by Queen Victoria, who thought it desirable that her young daughter-in-law should have a confidential page of Danish nationality, that Mr. Neilson came to this country in the train of the Princess. He arrived, indeed, two months before her in order to superintend the arrangement of her special rooms at Marlborough House, and to be in readiness to receive her. He was the only Dane attached to her household.

Mr. Neilson, though now approaching eighty, is still a handsome man, tall, slim, with snow-white hair, blue eyes, and a clear, ruddy complexion. His manner is charmingly simple and

unaffected. He is one of Nature's gentlemen, and his devotion to his beautiful mistress and her children has something paternal about it. To his watchful attention the Queen of Denmark confided her young daughter, and he well fulfilled his trust. Queen Alexandra has always been devoted to "Neilson," and has with her customary generosity provided for his declining years, and makes frequent inquiries as to his welfare.

When he first accompanied the Princess to Abergeldie, Mr. Neilson was a little disconcerted at being asked to wear the kilt in company with other members of the household, and at first demurred; but, said the Prince of Wales, "I should like to see you in the kilt, Neilson; my brothers and I always wear the kilt when in the Highlands, and so do the King of



MR. NEILSON, PAGE TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA FOR
THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS,

And previously in the household of King Christian
of Denmark.

Denmark and the Crown Prince when they visit us." "If Your Royal Highness wishes it," replied Mr. Neilson, "I

will wear it." He received his reward for donning what he regarded in his heart as somewhat heathenish attire, when the Princess received him all smiles, and said, "Why, Neilson, I never saw you looking so handsome as you do in the kilt, and I must have you photographed!"

The late Queen was also very partial to Mr. Neilson, and when the Princess of Wales recommended his son to a vacancy in the household at Windsor, the Queen said, "Send him to the Castle, and if I like him he shall have the place, for I always feel that Neilson did me a favour by coming to England." When the applicant entered the royal presence, the late

Queen regarded him attentively for a few moments, and then said: "You are like your father; I shall take you."

The popularity of Queen Alexandra in the country of her adoption induced a number of Danes to seek their fortunes here soon after her arrival. England appeared to them a land of promise where gold could be picked up in the streets, and they seemed to think that the Princess had only to exercise her magic wand and the path to fortune would be opened to

them. The number of her misguided compatriots whom the Queen has from time to time relieved is legion. No genuine case of misfortune ever applied to her in vain, but her policy has always been to discourage mere adventurers from coming to London, and she is a generous subscriber to the fund for sending indigent Danes back to Denmark. On the other hand, she is always ready to recommend the

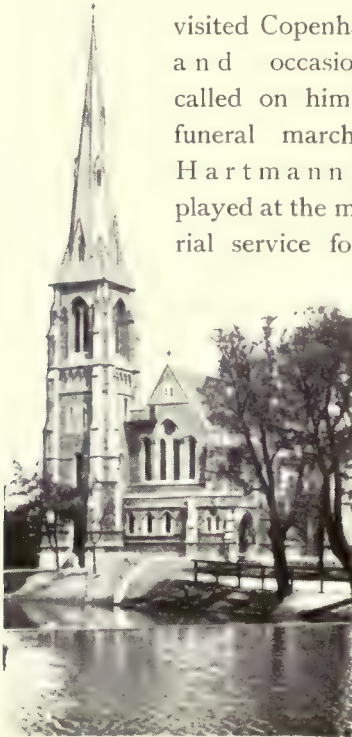


THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER DAUGHTERS PLAYING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AT FREDENSBORG.

competent to positions, and many prosperous members of the Danish colonies in London and Hull owe their advance to the kindly introduction of their own Princess. All cases are thoroughly investigated by an agent having intimate knowledge of the Scandinavian community in East London. Each year the Queen has placed a sum of money at the disposal of the Danish consul in London to assist her poor compatriots, and she is a generous donor to the Scandinavian Benevolent Society.

An enthusiastic lover of music herself, the Queen has been a kind patron to Scandinavian artistes who have sought their fortunes in this country, and has given the cachet to many comparatively unknown musicians and singers by inviting them to perform before her at Marlborough House. A special favourite with Her Majesty was Mr. J. Hartmann, the distinguished composer and the organist at the Frue Kirke, Copenhagen, who died last year at the age of ninety-six. He composed the music for the funeral service of Thorwaldsen, and at the age of ninety was still able to take part in the Copenhagen festivals. On his ninety-fifth birthday the King of Denmark paid him a congratulatory visit, and Queen Alexandra always made special inquiries after "dear old Mr. Hart-

mann" when she visited Copenhagen, and occasionally called on him. A funeral march by Hartmann was played at the memorial service for the



ST. ALBAN'S, COPENHAGEN.

late Queen in Westminster Abbey, and also at the service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Another great favourite with the Queen was her old music-master, Fritz Hartwigsen, and she occasionally played in quartette with him at Marlborough House along with Lady Carmarthen and the late Sir Charles Halle. A little incident illustrative of considerateness for a musician, which lesser people often fail to show, may be mentioned in connection with Hartwigsen. The Queen, when Princess of Wales, went to one of Carl Hentschel's concerts at which her old music-master was to play. On reaching the door of the concert-room she found that he had just begun, and, fearing to disturb him, declined to enter until he had finished the piece, standing outside the door an attentive listener.

Danish artists and sculptors have also received sympathetic patronage from the Queen, although never to the detriment of native talent here, or indeed in other lands, for it should be emphasised that the Queen is cosmopolitan in matters of art. A place of honour is given in the drawing-room at Sandringham to the exquisite group of "The Bathing Girls" by a Danish lady sculptor, Madame Jerichau. Professor Tuxen, the distinguished Court painter of Denmark, has received many commissions here through the introduction of Queen Alexandra. The late Queen commissioned him to paint her Jubilee family group for the collection at Windsor, also a garden party at Buckingham Palace, and he painted the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York and Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Charles of Denmark.

The sympathy felt by the Queen for the sick and suffering makes her specially interested in new discoveries for the treatment and amelioration of disease, and she is keenly appreciative



THE KING OF DENMARK DRIVING A FAMILY PARTY AT FREDENSBORG.

of the advance medical science is making in Denmark, the most notable outcome of which in recent years is Professor Finsen's light cure for lupus, which through her instrumentality has been introduced with great success into the London Hospital. Queen Alexandra paid her first visit to Professor Finsen's *Medicinske Lysinstitut* (Light Institute), Copenhagen, in April, 1899, accompanied by her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia. A lady honoured with an audience after their return to the palace relates that the royal sisters were "simply wild with delight" at what they had seen. Immediately after her return home the Princess of Wales communicated her wish that the light cure should be introduced into the London Hospital, and offered at her private expense to provide the initial apparatus. In compliance with her wish, the chief physician, Dr. MacKenzie and his assistant, Dr. Sequeira, went to Copenhagen to study Professor Finsen's treatment, and a matron and a nurse from the London Hospital also, at the suggestion of the

Princess, went to study the new method. She visited the Light Institute while they were there, and expressed great pleasure at the progress made by the patients and at the prospect of the benefit which would be conferred on sufferers in this country by the introduction of the new cure. As soon as the doctors and nurses returned, and the lamp given by the Princess was in working order at the London Hospital, she "provided" the first patient, a poor girl from Great Fosters, near Egham, who had been in a hopeless condition with lupus for many years. The Queen has now the satisfaction of knowing that this poor sufferer is nearly cured of the terrible and loathsome disease.

Some fifty other cases have been successfully treated, and the patients applying at the hospital far exceed the number whom it is possible to treat, although two other lamps have been set up in addition to the one given by the Queen. She occasionally visits the Light Cure Ward, and likes to hear particulars of the progress of



PROFESSOR FINSEN, OF THE LIGHT INSTITUTE,
COPENHAGEN.

difficult cases, while she also follows with great interest the work of private practitioners who, having studied the treatment in Copenhagen, are using it amongst their patients here with success. The Queen's interest in the originator is specially sympathetic, for Professor Finsen, who is a comparatively young and a very charming man, is in such delicate health that he is unable to take an active part in the application of the cure which his genius discovered. The Dowager Empress of Russia has erected a Finsen Institute in St. Petersburg, under the direction of Professor Wiliaminoff.

The tact and discretion which has characterised the Queen's sympathy with her compatriots generally has been specially shown in her dealings with her former co-religionists, a rock upon which Queen Consorts have been apt to flounder in the past. While strictly adhering to the observances of the Episcopal Church, which she formally entered on her marriage, she

has been a generous donor to the Danish churches in London and Hull erected for the benefit of sailors. In 1875 she presented the Sailor's Church at Poplar with a Bible and books of liturgy for the pastor's use, writing appropriate passages from Scripture on the fly-leaf in Danish, as, for example, in the hymn-book, "Sing unto the Lord a new song! Sing to the Lord, all the Earth," and underneath each inscription adding: *For vor Danske kirke i London, fra Alexandra 1875.*

The Queen has several times attended service at the Sailors' Church, situated though it is in the unsavoury East, by the West India Docks. On one occasion when present at the morning service with the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, who were visiting her, she noticed that the pastor (now the Dean of Elsinore) was rather perturbed in manner, and on learning later that his attention had been absorbed during the night with an interesting domestic event, the Princess of Wales said: "You must let me be sponsor to the baby." The infant received the names of Louise Alexandra Frederica, after the Queen and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark.

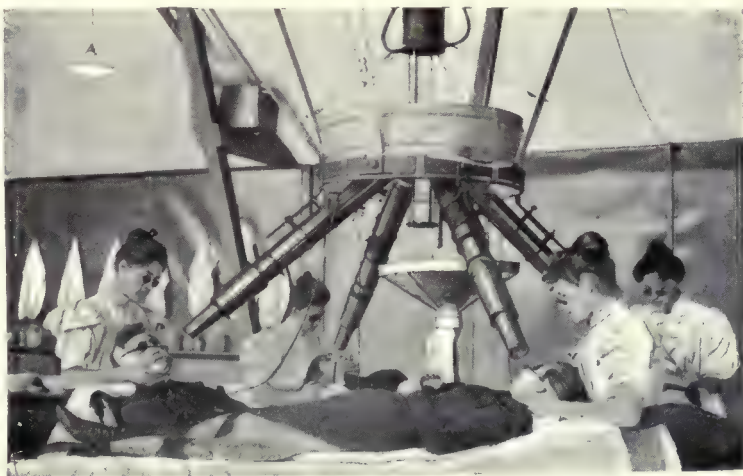
The Sailors' Church was built about 1871, largely through the influence of the Princess of Wales, after the old Danish Church at Leman Street, erected when Prince George of Denmark married the Princess, afterwards Queen Anne, had ceased to be used. It is now under the charge of Pastor Storm, a charming young clergyman and an energetic worker amongst the Danish sailors. The church is built

as nearly as possible to represent a village church in Denmark. A model of a vessel hangs suspended midway from the roof, and opposite the altar is a painting of a fishing-village in Jutland showing the simple folk returning from church. The font was presented by the Crown Prince of Denmark. This year Pastor Storm is raising funds amongst his compatriots here to restore the Sailors' Church as a thankoffering to God for the gratitude they owe Him for what Queen Alexandra has done for her own people in this country.

Near the church is a little reading-room for Danish sailors, under the care of Pastor Storm, and a short distance from that is the large Home for Scandinavian Sailors, which welcomes Swedes,

Norwegians, and Danes, and is the outcome of the Temperance work amongst sailors begun some twenty-five years ago by that devoted Christian worker, Mrs. Welin, a Swedish lady. Mrs. Welin, assisted very materially by her husband, the well-known inventor, still presides over the Home, and has been often cheered by the kindly interest shown in her work by Queen Alexandra, who is one of the patronesses. During a visit paid by her in 1888 with the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, the Princess

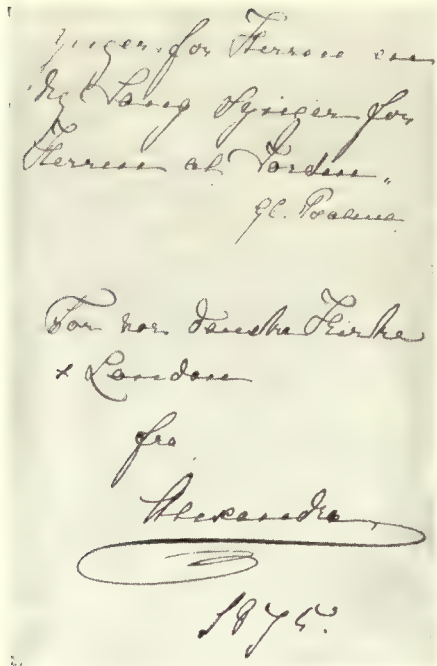
of Wales, after inspecting every part of the Home, said to Mrs. Welin, "I should like to see the kitchen." It was dinner-time, and the cook was frying fish. "I can cook fish," said the Princess; "let me show you if I cannot," and going up to the cooking-range she deftly used the culinary instrument and turned the fish in the pan until they were the requisite brown. The cook looked none too well pleased at "ladies in the kitchen," but when as the visitors turned to leave Mrs.



TREATMENT OF LUPUS BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.
Professor Finsen's Institute, Copenhagen.

Welin whispered to her, "It is the Princess of Wales who has fried the fish," the woman dropped the dish in her hand on to the floor and remained speechless with astonishment, at which the Princess enjoyed a hearty laugh.

The visitors next proceeded to the laundry, and the Crown Princess demonstrated that she knew how to mangle. The animals in the Home, which sailors had brought from their voyages, were a special source of amusement to the Princess, and in playing with a monkey she showed



QUEEN'S AUTOGRAPH INSCRIPTION IN HYMN BOOK
GIVEN TO SAILORS' CHURCH, POPLAR.

the tip of her tongue, which made Jacko furious. "I am surprised at you, Alix," said her brother, the Crown Prince, "putting out your tongue at a monkey!"

After the visitors had departed Mrs. Welin had the difficult task of apportioning the fish fried by the Princess, amongst the sailors. Queen Alexandra has accepted a copy of Mrs. Welin's "Driftwood," giving sketches from real life amongst the Scandinavian sailors, and has written most sympathetically to the author regarding her work. She has also graciously accepted "The Mystery of Godliness," a devotional book in verse by Mr. Juul, a young Dane who is the Evangelist at the Scandinavian Sailors' Home. Queen Alexandra is also taking a deep interest in the new Sailors' Home, a palatial building in course of

erection under the auspices of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and has been instrumental in collecting £2,000 to endow a portion for Danish sailors. This will be called the Alexandra Wing.

For many years the Sailors' Church at Poplar was the only place in London where a Danish service was held, but in 1881 the Princess of Wales obtained permission from Queen Victoria for a Danish service to be also held each Sunday at the little chapel which adjoins the grounds of Marlborough House, and has long been known as the German Chapel Royal, St. James'. There Queen Adelaide worshipped according to her Lutheran faith, as did other German members of the Royal Family, including the late Queen's mother when she first came to the country. Since 1881 three services have been held there each Sunday—an English Church Service in the early morning for the members of the Prince of Wales's Household at Marlborough House, a Lutheran service in German at twelve o'clock, and a Danish service at half-past four. This latter has been very greatly appreciated by the Danes in West London; and in grateful remembrance of the permission given, they sent a wreath to the grave of Queen Victoria.

It was the late Madame de Falbe, wife of the Danish Ambassador to this country, who first represented to the Princess of Wales that her compatriots were anxious to have a place for worship in West London. Although the Princess did not attend the Danish service herself, she desired that the pastor should communicate anything of

interest in the church and colony to her through the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, and she contributes a yearly sum to its funds. When the King recently decided that the German services should be discontinued at St. James', and the building be in future the Marlborough House Chapel, the Queen intimated that by her special wish the Danish congregation would remain undisturbed. Pastor Storm, who presides over this, as well as the Sailors' Church, wrote on behalf of his people to express gratitude for the Queen's kind intercession, and received a gracious reply through Miss Knollys, saying how very pleased Her Majesty was at having been able to render this service "to the country of her affections and birth."

In no spot in London beat more loyal hearts to the King and Queen than among the little Danish community who gather for worship under the shadow of Marlborough House. "We owe the serene atmosphere in which we live to our Princess," said the Pastor. "It is her beautiful life which has made it for us. Every Dane in the United Kingdom benefits indirectly from her, because as soon as people hear we are Danes they give us a hearty welcome. Thousands of examples could be enumerated where Danes have received unexpected kindness because they came from the same land as the beloved Queen."

While she has been a true Esther to her religious compatriots in this country, she has been equally the friend of the English-speaking colony in Copenhagen, and it was entirely due to the Queen's exertion and influence that the beautiful Episcopalian Church of St. Alban rose on the banks of the Sound. It is the

first English church ever erected in Denmark, and received by the Queen's wish the name of St. Alban, to commemorate England's first martyr, a saint venerated in Denmark, Canute having brought over relics of him and deposited them in a special shrine at Odense.

The Princess of Wales rejoiced in the consummation of a long-desired event when on September 19, 1885, she laid the foundation-stone of the new church, assisted by the Prince, surrounded by her children, and in the presence of the King and Queen of Denmark, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark,

De høder fra København af,
 det hellige Skrifts væsen her
 og for dig der i Verdens
 ved Troen fra Christendoms
 Dens gæstherdige og
 i det navn af Gud, og dygtig
 la Sandhed og Gud Lovsord
 la Prædike og Optagelse
 i Høfderighed af det Guds-
 Menneche man dode Guds-
 hængende dygtig og vil
 at god Givning
 Den den danske Kirke
 i London
 Fra København
 1874

QUEEN'S AUTOGRAPH INSCRIPTION IN BIBLE GIVEN TO SAILORS' CHURCH, POPLAR.

and a company of other members of the Royal Family, and of distinguished personages representing the British colony in Denmark. A guard of honour for the Princess was formed by the blue

jackets of the *Osborne*. It was a pretty historic scene—this founding of an English church in the land of the Vikings within sight of the blue waters which in days gone by had been alive with the vessels of contending fleets. The fair hands which laid the mortar on the foundation-stone of St. Alban's were hostages that old enmities lay fathoms deep, buried for ever in the adjacent waters over which the blue-eyed warriors with the yellow hair had sailed to invade Albion, and in later times Nelson had anchored his fleet to threaten Copenhagen. Now the gentle murmur of the rippling waves upon the shore made chorus to the singing of the Danish and English national anthems as Denmark's and England's daughter inaugurated the church, while at night the Sound flashed and gleamed with illuminated vessels, and its waters reflected back the gala lights from the fair city on its bosom.

Two years later, September 17, 1887, the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the consecration of the church by Bishop Wilkinson, together with members of the Royal and Imperial Families of England, Denmark, Russia and Greece, upon which occasion there was a further demonstration of Anglo-Danish good feeling. The site for the church had been given by the Danish government, and it was built by public

subscription, £7,000 of which was raised by a committee in London, presided over by Sir Cunliffe Owen, and £3,000 by a committee in Copenhagen, presided over by the British Ambassador, Sir Edmund Monson. The plans were prepared in London by Mr. Blomfield, and the building was executed by Danish workmen.



THE KING IN DANISH UNIFORM,
AS GENERAL OF THE HESIGARTEN.

The Rev. Mortimer Kennedy is the present chaplain, and is privileged to communicate regarding the welfare of his church and congregation to Queen Alexandra, who with her family invariably attends the morning service when in Copenhagen, and even when at the château of Bernstorff she generally drives the seven miles to worship at St. Alban's, and not infrequently goes in by train when at Fredensborg. An interesting object in the chaplain's house is a handsome silver bowl inscribed to :

THE REV. MORTIMER KENNEDY,

On his marriage,
from

ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES,
1898.

It was with still further pleasure that the Princess of Wales forged another link in the chain of cordiality between the two countries when she opened, on May 14, 1888, the Anglo-Danish Exhibition organised in London during her Silver Wedding year to raise funds

for rebuilding the Home for Incurables, then at Clapham, the first institution of which she became patroness in this country.

The graceful suggestion came from Mr. Gofton Salmond, the Secretary of the Home, who unfortunately suffered severely from over-strain in carrying through the work, and when it was laid before the Prince of Wales, he replied that: "Nothing would give him greater pleasure than to assist a project which would pleasantly recall to the Princess sunny memories of her native land." The managers went to Copenhagen to study the peasant homes and costumes, and one of the chief features of the exhibition was the charming representation of a Danish village.

On the opening day the Princess, all smiles and delight, entered the building, which was erected in the gardens adjoining the Albert Hall, having as a guard of honour the officers and cadets of the *Dagmar*, a war-ship sent by the King of Denmark in honour of the occasion.

Among the cadets was her future son-in-law, handsome Prince Carl. As the Princess moved towards the daïs, a Danish choir, dressed in the national colours, welcomed her with a spirited rendering of *Kong Christian Stad*. Then followed "Home, Sweet Home,"

by Madame Albani, and *Danmark mit Fædreland* (Denmark my Fatherland), by Mdlle. Otta Brønnum, dressed in Danish peasant dress. Madame de Falbe, wife of the Danish Ambassador, presented the Princess with a golden key having a detachable ornament to form a brooch.

The royal party took tea in the model Danish village, surrounded by the blue mountains of Iceland, and



A. L. G. Horn

ALTAR WITH SERVICE BOOKS PRESENTED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO THE SAILORS' CHURCH, POPLAR.

afterwards the Princess went in and out of the cottages chatting in their tongue and hers with the delighted occupants. In the quaint Danish theatre the Princess renewed her youth in looking at the *tableaux vivants* from Hans Andersen's fairy stories, and clapped her hands with genuine pleasure as "The Little Match Girl," "The Emperor and His New Clothes," and other favourites which had delighted her child-



Queen
Alexandra.

The Late Czar Crown Prince The The
Alexander. of Denmark. Czarina. King.

AT BERNSTORFF.

hood at the Gûle Palais, were shown, while her thoughts turned to the author, so familiar a figure in her native city.

The practical result of the exhibition was the building of the handsome new Home for Incurables at Crown Lane, Streatham Common, opened by

the Princess in 1895, and the endowment of the Alexandra bed, which may be regarded as a memorial of the Anglo-Danish *entente cordiale* promoted by Queen Alexandra.

The love which the Queen bears her Fatherland and the bonds of affection

which bind her to her own kindred are shown by the yearly visits which, accompanied by her children, and often by her husband, she pays to Denmark, while her father's summer palace at Fredensborg, where the family re-unions take place, has become as familiar in name over here as Sandringham. It stands near the margin of a blue lake (*Esrom Sø*), some four miles in extent, surrounded by woods and gardens which are the delight of the artist. *Allées* of towering trees whose topmost branches intertwining give suggestions of cathedral aisles, run in many directions from the palace to the lake and have inspired not a few poets. The gardens, laid out under the direction of the late Queen Louise, are filled with brilliant bloom; there one sees peonies, pinks, carnations, sweet-Williams, wall-flowers, dahlias, and roses of every shade, which remind one of the borders in an English garden, for Queen Louise loved the old-fashioned flowers and had them cultivated in glorious profusion under the windows of her private sitting-room (*daglig stuen*). Fredensborg has, too, its marble garden (*marmorhaven*) laid out in the Italian style, with canals, bridges, shrubberies, and an artificial lake gay with aquatic plants, and where croaking frogs make music which is not idyllic. In the Norwegian garden 100 figures in national costume stand in three tiers round a grassy bank, with a large central lawn surrounded by trees and shrubs, a perfect retreat in hot weather. Farther in the woods are the trees on which the late Czar and other members of the family gathering have cut their names on the bark. Down by the shining blue waves of the lake is the *Skipperhus*

(boat-house), and the King's bridge, a jetty where the Royal Family embark for water excursions. At another spot in these glorious woods is a well of sparkling water presided over by an old woman wearing the quaint Amager bonnet and dress, who smiles the words *Princessen af Wales* as she offers a drink to an English stranger, and tells with pride that the "dear Princessen



FREDENSBORG FROM ONE OF THE ALLÉES.

Alexandra" and her children always come first to visit the well when they arrive at Fredensborg.

Words fail to give an adequate impression of this white palace with its avenues, gardens and woods peacefully reposing by the great blue lake of Esrom; it is a place to be seen and felt. Not only is it the royal summer residence of Denmark, but of Europe. Thither have come year after year the Imperial Family of Russia, the Royal

Families of Greece, and Norway and Sweden, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and their numerous offspring, and our own beloved King and Queen with their family to join with the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark and Prince Valdemar and his wife Princess Marie of Orleans, with their respective families, in forgetting the cares of State as they meet *en famille* under the patriarchal roof of Denmark. In those glades and *allées* the sisters Alexandra, Dagmar, and Thyra have strolled arm in arm, chat-

favourite rendezvous for the young princes. Each day driving, riding, cycling and boating parties are formed amongst the guests. Often the Czar and Czarina have a merry tea party in the villa which they have had built in the woods, or the Princess of Wales proposes a picnic to the romantic ruins of the monastery of Esrom on the opposite side of the lake, and is Queen of the feast as she superintends the boiling of the kettle over a fire of sticks on a stone near the royal summer house. If the weather is unpropitious



VIEW OF THE GARDENS AT FREDENSBORG FROM THE QUEEN'S ROOM.

sports and games are arranged inside the palace, and on one occasion the late Czar, to relieve the tedium of a dull day, carried off the house party to a neighbouring village fair, and half the royalties of Europe might have been seen enjoying a ride on a merry-go-round.

ting of old times as their little ones gambolled on the lawns—no infant was too young to be brought to Fredensborg—or their grown boys wrestled and played in cousinly rivalry and their young daughters had their confidences. There the burly, genial figure of the late Czar might have been seen strolling with a group of his younger kinsfolk making merry round him.

Now he sets them to run races, or again he leads them trooping down the long avenue of elms to the village, nestling at the foot of the palace, to purchase toys or to have something repaired at the blacksmith's shop, a

Each of the principal guests has a separate suite of rooms in the palace. Queen Alexandra's rooms are prettily furnished, and those of the Dowager Empress of Russia are specially interesting for the mementoes which they contain of the late Czar. There stand his huge four-post bedstead, the well-worn writing-table which he would not exchange for a new one, and the gong with which he summoned the young Princes and Princesses for a game. Meals during the day are often served to the guests in their private rooms, but each evening all assemble to dine in family state in the very handsome

dining hall under the cupola. Over this banquet the King of Denmark presides in truly patriarchal manner, and is particular that exact precedence shall be observed amongst his descendants and guests. It was a standing rule that all should assemble before the late Czar, he having precedence in the royal gatherings, but on one or two occasions the Princess of Wales came late. When this next occurred the King rebuked his eldest daughter rather severely, and the good-natured Czar was so sorry to see his favourite sister-in-law invoke the parental displeasure on his account that he devised a means of preventing it in future. Each evening before descending to the dining hall he would cautiously ask at the Princess's door, "Are you ready, Alexandra?" and would not go down until he knew that she was in her appointed place.

Queen Alexandra and the late Czar were always great friends, and often joined together in devising diversions for the young people, and on one occasion, when there was an outbreak of measles among the juvenile portion of the family party, they undertook to nurse the patients. The Czar went from bed to bed to read Hans Andersen's tales, and the Princess of Wales

carried delicacies and toys from one to another. Things were apparently made too pleasant and exciting for the invalids, and the doctor finding that their progress was unsatisfactory, asked them one day, "Who is nursing you?" "Uncle Alexander and Aunt Alexandra," was the reply. Then said the doctor to the King of Denmark, "If Emperors and Princesses are to turn nurses I must give up attending." When this was told to the Czar he laughed and said, "The doctor is quite right, Alexandra and I must find other occupation."

After dinner the guests spent the evening together in the large drawing-room, Queen Louise and her daughters frequently playing in quartette. I saw the two pianos standing side by side in this room as they were used in the Queen's lifetime. Carpet dances were often arranged amongst the younger guests, and the King generally engaged his sons-in-law at billiards. Of late years the death of the Czar and of Queen Louise have cast a gloom over the gatherings at Fredensborg, but the white palace on the blue waters of Esrom will ever remain to Queen Alexandra one of the dearest spots in her Fatherland, second only to her childhood's home of Bernstorff.

Princess and Queen



THE QUEEN, PRINCE OF WALES, DUCHESS OF FIFE, PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.
From Photo by Ralph. Published by London Stereoscopic Company.

CHAPTER VIII

Princess and Queen

(PERIOD, 1889 1902.)

Down she goes, as the soft wind blows,
To live more smoothly than mortal can,
To love and reign as queen and wife,
To wear a crown that smells of a rose,
And still, with a sceptre as light as a fan,
Beat sweet time to the song of life.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

THE year which succeeded the celebration of the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales was marked by that most interesting event, the first marriage in the family. There is nothing of the matchmaking mother about Queen Alexandra, and when the subject of the settlement of either of the young Princes and Princesses was under discussion her invariable answer was, "I hope all my children will marry for love, and I cannot bear to think of having them separated from me." Prince "Eddy" was so much his mother's cavalier that the idea of a wife scarcely occurred to him, and it was his younger sister who was the first to marry. The betrothal of Princess Louise of Wales to the Duke, then Earl, of Fife was publicly announced June 28, 1889, and was received with general approbation throughout the country. The Duke had been for many years an intimate

friend of the Prince of Wales, being a near neighbour in the Highlands, and each autumn there had been frequent visiting between Abergeldie and Mar Lodge. A romantic attachment gradually sprang up between the Duke and the Princess Louise despite a considerable disparity in years. The House of Duff was of ancient and honourable lineage, and the present representative was possessed of wealth which would enable him to give his royal bride surroundings suitable to her station. Queen Victoria gave a cordial sanction to the marriage, on the eve of which she created the bridegroom Duke of Fife and Marquis of Macduff.

Queen Alexandra was happy in her daughter's happiness, and in the weeks preceding the wedding received many proofs of the admiration the country felt at the manner in which she had trained her for the larger life into which she was about to enter. The

presence of the Shah of Persia rendered the season unusually gay. There was a State Ball at Buckingham Palace, and a Garden Party at Marlborough

observation. The trousseau was ordered with due reference to the promotion of home industries which has always distinguished the Queen, and orders for



H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE, THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

From Photo by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.

House in dual celebration of the visit of the Shah and of the royal betrothal, also a fête at the Crystal Palace and a ball at the Duke of Westminster's, and at these functions Princess Louise shared with her mother the centre of

lace and *lingerie* were given to charitable institutions. The parents of the bride presented her with a tiara of brilliants and a dressing-bag with gold fittings, and the Duke gave her many handsome jewels; but of tender signifi-

cance was the simple gold *porte bonheur* bangle with an affectionate inscription, which the Princess gave to her daughter. From her brothers and sisters the bride received a brooch with their intimate names, "Eddy," "Georgie," "'Toria," "Harry," inscribed on the case.

Even a love match in the Royal Family cannot be separated from the prosaic, and while the wooing was proceeding so satisfactorily at Marlborough House, legislators were wrangling in Parliament over The Royal Grants Bill for making provision for the children of the Heir Apparent ; and in spite of the fact that the Duke of Fife had declined to receive a dowry with his bride, there was a display of dissatisfaction in some quarters which it was feared might render the public demonstration on the wedding day less hearty.

All such forebodings melted into thin air, when on the morning of July 27 the procession of the bride's mother left Marlborough House. The sight of her beautiful face, looking a little anxious and sad, acted like magic. Cheers arose and gathered volume as the Princess of Wales drove down the Mall, culminating in an affectionate demonstration at Buckingham Palace, handkerchiefs whitening the crowd in every direction. The bride and her father also received a hearty demonstration on their appearance. The royal procession moved in stately order from the Bow Room at Buckingham Palace to the private chapel, where the ceremony was to take place.

The Princess of Wales, dressed in silver grey, walked between her two brothers, the King of Greece, and the

Crown Prince of Denmark, and last came the venerable Queen on the arm of the Grand Duke of Hesse. The young bride in her snowy whiteness made a pretty picture with a bevy of eight bridesmaids in pink. The ceremony over, Queen Victoria embraced the young Princess, who was her first grandchild to be married in this country, and the Duke of Fife, looking very gratified, paid his devoirs to his Sovereign and then kissed the hand of his very youthful-looking mother-in-law.

After the breakfast at Buckingham Palace, the Prince and Princess of Wales held a reception at Marlborough House, from whence the bridal pair departed for their honeymoon to Sheen Lodge, Richmond Park. The Princess, with motherly solicitude, accompanied her daughter to the carriage door, and the Prince and his sons followed the carriage, walking down the drive waving their adieux. And so passed from the home circle the first of Queen Alexandra's children into what has proved an ideally happy marriage. In consideration for the strong family ties of his young bride, the Duke of Fife rented for several years after his marriage, a house at Castle Rising, within a few miles of Sandringham. On May 17, 1891, Queen Alexandra had the happiness of embracing her first grandchild, the Lady Alexandra Duff.

The nursing profession has always elicited the sympathy of the Queen, and on July 4, 1890, she held the first of the Nurses' Receptions, in the garden at Marlborough House, which have since become of frequent occurrence. On



CHILDREN OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE IN THEIR CARRIAGE AT SANDRINGHAM, DRAWN BY THEIR PET DONKEY "MARIA."

From Photo by Ralph. Published by the London Stereoscopic Company.

this occasion she presented certificates to some one thousand nurses who had joined the newly started Pension Fund, instituted by Mr. H. C. Burdett. The scene was very picturesque as the nurses in their various uniforms filed past the Princess, and received from her gracious hands the certificate which stated that the recipient was one of the first thousand nurses who had joined the Pension Fund, and had thus become one of the Founders who secured £25,000 as a nucleus of a permanent trust for the benefit of nurses of the British Empire. Each certificate was signed by the Princess, and given with kindly words. Through her influence a handsome nest egg was provided by donations, and the nurses themselves brought £22,000. The

Prince seconded his wife's efforts by addressing inspiring words to the nurses on the importance of their calling, and after the ceremony the Princess entertained them to lunch in tents on the lawn, and went freely amongst them, chatting pleasantly about their work, especially with those wearing the uniforms of foreign service. A year later the Princess presented certificates in like manner to the second thousand who joined the Nurses' Pension Fund, and has since continued an intimate interest in the scheme.

We have already seen that Queen Alexandra was unable to be present at the marriage of her beloved sister, Princess Dagmar, to the Czaritch, and it was therefore with special pleasure that in November of 1891, she assisted

at the celebration of their silver wedding, which took place at Livadia in the Crimea. During the same month the Prince of Wales quietly celebrated at Sandringham, along with his two sons, his fiftieth birthday. The young Princesses were absent with their mother at the silver wedding in Russia. Hardly were the festivities concluded there than tidings were received of the serious illness of Prince George with typhoid fever. The Princess and her daughters set out for home at once, travelling day and night for six days, until they reached Marlborough House. The Prince had been solicitously watching over his son, never quitting the house except for walking exercise in the vicinity, until their arrival. Despite the fatigue of her long journey, the Princess at once took her place in her son's sick-room, and tended him until he was convalescent.

Many rumours had been afloat regarding the expected settlement of Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and the marked attentions which on public occasions he had paid to Princess May of Teck were the *avants couriers* of the announcement which appeared, December 7, 1891, of the betrothal of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence and Avondale to Princess Victoria Mary, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. The charming daughter of one of the best beloved of English princesses, Princess "May," as people would call her, in spite of the *Court Circular*, was as popular a choice as the heir presumptive could have made, and the friendship begun long years ago between the Princess of Wales and

the Duchess of Teck, then Princess Mary of Cambridge, at the family gatherings at Rumpenheim, rendered the prospective union of their children of special satisfaction to them.

Never had a royal betrothal seemed more auspicious. The young Prince was beloved by all who knew him for his singular amiability of character and spotless life, and it seemed that his affectionate nature would find its truest development in domestic happiness, such as would be ensured by a union with a Princess of his own land, and one whom he had known from his childhood. He was peculiarly his mother's son; as perfect in likeness of features as sex would allow. He had, too, her gracious charm of manner and bright vivacity, even to the unconscious movement of the head with which Queen Alexandra emphasises her words when speaking, and the most open-hearted converse and comradeship had always existed between them.

For six weeks the country was busy with preparations to celebrate the coming nuptials on a scale of great magnificence and public rejoicing. Early in January, Princess "May," with her parents, went to stay at Sandringham for the Duke of Clarence's birthday. When the day arrived, however (January 8), he was too unwell to appear at dinner. Dr. Laking and Dr. (now Sir William) Broadbent were summoned from London, and pronounced him to be suffering from a serious attack of influenza. Pneumonia supervened, and at nine o'clock on the morning of January 14 the young Prince passed

peacefully away, surrounded by his loved ones.

The calm demeanour with which Queen Alexandra watched the life of her idolised son ebbing away, filled her family with astonishment. All thought of self and the impending separation was lost in her anxiety to minister to his last hours, and with that wonderful self-restraint, which invariably characterises the Queen in great emergencies, she suppressed the outward show of grief, lest it should render the passing of her beloved less peaceful. It was her tender voice which told him that he was nearing the Better Land. "Who is it calling me?" he asked some little time before his death, and the Princess gently answered, "Jesus is calling you, dear."

With bowed head but unflinching face she joined in the Prayers for the Dying, offered in the sick-room by Canon Hervey, the rector of Sandringham, and when the last sigh was heaved and the parting breath drawn, the grief-stricken mother still remained calm, though all around were in tears. The Prince bowed his head in his hands and sobbed aloud for his boy, but "the Princess," said one who was present to the writer, "looked as though she had been turned into marble." She laid the dear hands on the heart which had ceased to beat, and taking up from a table at her son's bedside a little book of devotion which she had given him after he and her other children had taken the communion together, the year of her silver wedding, she found consolation as she read the inscription which she had herself written on the fly leaf:

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

Also

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"I could not help feeling," the Princess said later, "that he did cling to the Cross, and that it had all come true."

The Princess suffered no ghastly shroud to disfigure her dead; he lay as one in sleep, dressed in his usual night attire and with fragrant lilies around him. Fain would she have buried him in the little church at Sandringham, but for State reasons it had to be otherwise. Never had Queen Victoria a harder task to perform than when she told her beloved daughter-in-law that it was imperative that one who had been heir presumptive to the crown should find his last resting-place in the royal vault at Windsor.

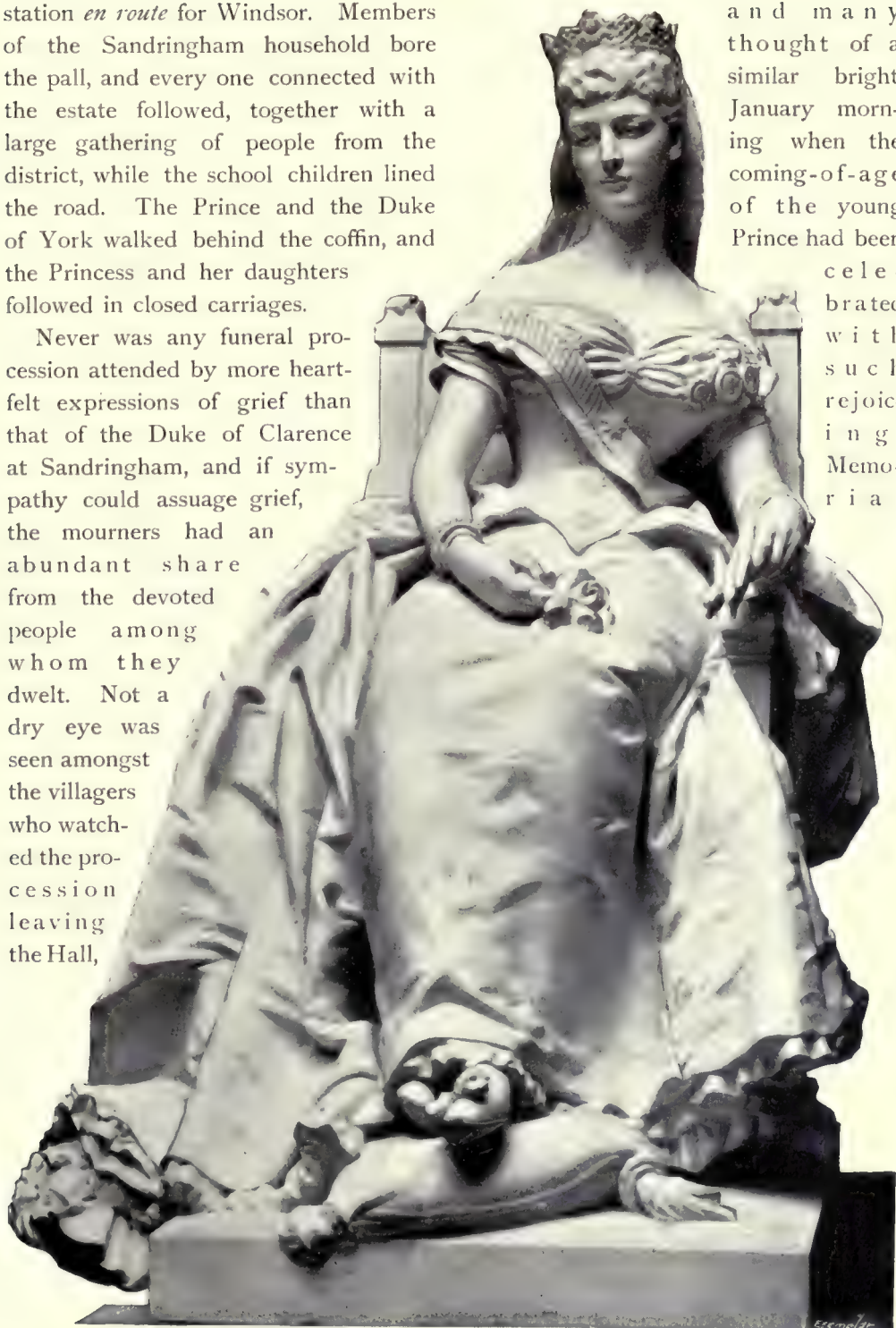
Previous to burial, the coffin of the young Prince was placed in the chancel of Sandringham Church, where it lay amidst piles of white flowers and wreaths for several days, and was visited by a number of people from the villages around. Each evening, when all was quiet, the Princess, who was now quite broken down with grief, spent some time in prayer by the side of the coffin. On Sunday a funeral service was held in the church, and was attended by all the family, together with many friends and neighbours.

On the following Wednesday, after a short previous service, the coffin was carried from the church by *employés* on the estate and placed on the gun carriage, which conveyed it to Wolferton

station *en route* for Windsor. Members of the Sandringham household bore the pall, and every one connected with the estate followed, together with a large gathering of people from the district, while the school children lined the road. The Prince and the Duke of York walked behind the coffin, and the Princess and her daughters followed in closed carriages.

Never was any funeral procession attended by more heartfelt expressions of grief than that of the Duke of Clarence at Sandringham, and if sympathy could assuage grief, the mourners had an abundant share from the devoted people among whom they dwelt. Not a dry eye was seen amongst the villagers who watched the procession leaving the Hall,

and many thought of a similar bright January morning when the coming-of-age of the young Prince had been celebrated with such rejoicing. Memorial



STATUE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA
By Chapu in the Glyptothek, Copenhagen.

services were held at St. Paul's and in the parish churches throughout the country. At Windsor the interment was attended by all the pomp and circumstance of a military and royal funeral, but for all the stately show, it was a mother's son who was dead, and after the ceremony the Princess, writing to the Queen of Denmark said: "I have buried my angel to-day, and with him my happiness."

For the succeeding days after the funeral the Princess was in an extremity of grief, and would see no one but the Prince. The strain which she had put upon herself during the past fortnight told its tale in complete nervous prostration. She was, however, somewhat cheered by the beautiful sermon preached at Sandringham, January 24, by Canon Fleming on "Recognition in Eternity." After speaking feelingly to the royal mourners of "your darkened home and bowed spirits," he concluded with the words, "For him—whose quenchless memory you will carry with you, in the casket of your hearts, till you shall meet him again—it is the young soldier whose welfare is accomplished; it is the young racer who has reached the goal; it is the young heir who has entered into his promised inheritance; it is the youngest king who has gone up to his coronation." At the request of the Prince and Princess, Canon Fleming published the sermon. It has sold by its tens of thousands, and the proceeds have been divided between the Gordon Boys' Home, in which the deceased Prince was specially interested, and the Home for Incurables at Streatham, the first

institution of which Queen Alexandra was patroness.

After her son's death the Princess retired entirely from public and social life, passing most of her time at Sandringham, where her pathetic figure was often seen riding on her pony over the quiet moors in pensive melancholy, or walking about the lanes. The only thing which seemed to arouse her interest was some case of sorrow or bereavement which she could alleviate. Of the various touching incidents relating to this period, that of the old carrier woman is most pathetic. As the Princess was walking one morning she met an old woman toiling along the road to Wolferton station with a heavy load of packages on her back.

"Why are you carrying these things yourself? It is too much for you," said the Princess.

"But it cannot be helped, ma'am," was the tearful reply; "my poor boy Jack used to carry them for me, but he is dead, and I must do it myself, or starve."

After speaking some kindly words of sympathy, the Princess passed on. A few days later a trim little donkey cart was sent to the old woman's cottage by the royal lady who too had lost a son, and found solace in ministering to the necessities of one similarly bereft. "It is such a relief to have some one to cry with who knows exactly how I feel," said Queen Victoria in the first days of her widowhood, to a Balmoral cottager who had just lost her husband; and Queen Alexandra's heart goes out to all who have suffered maternal bereavement.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.
Taken at Amalienborg Palace, at the time of their Golden Wedding.

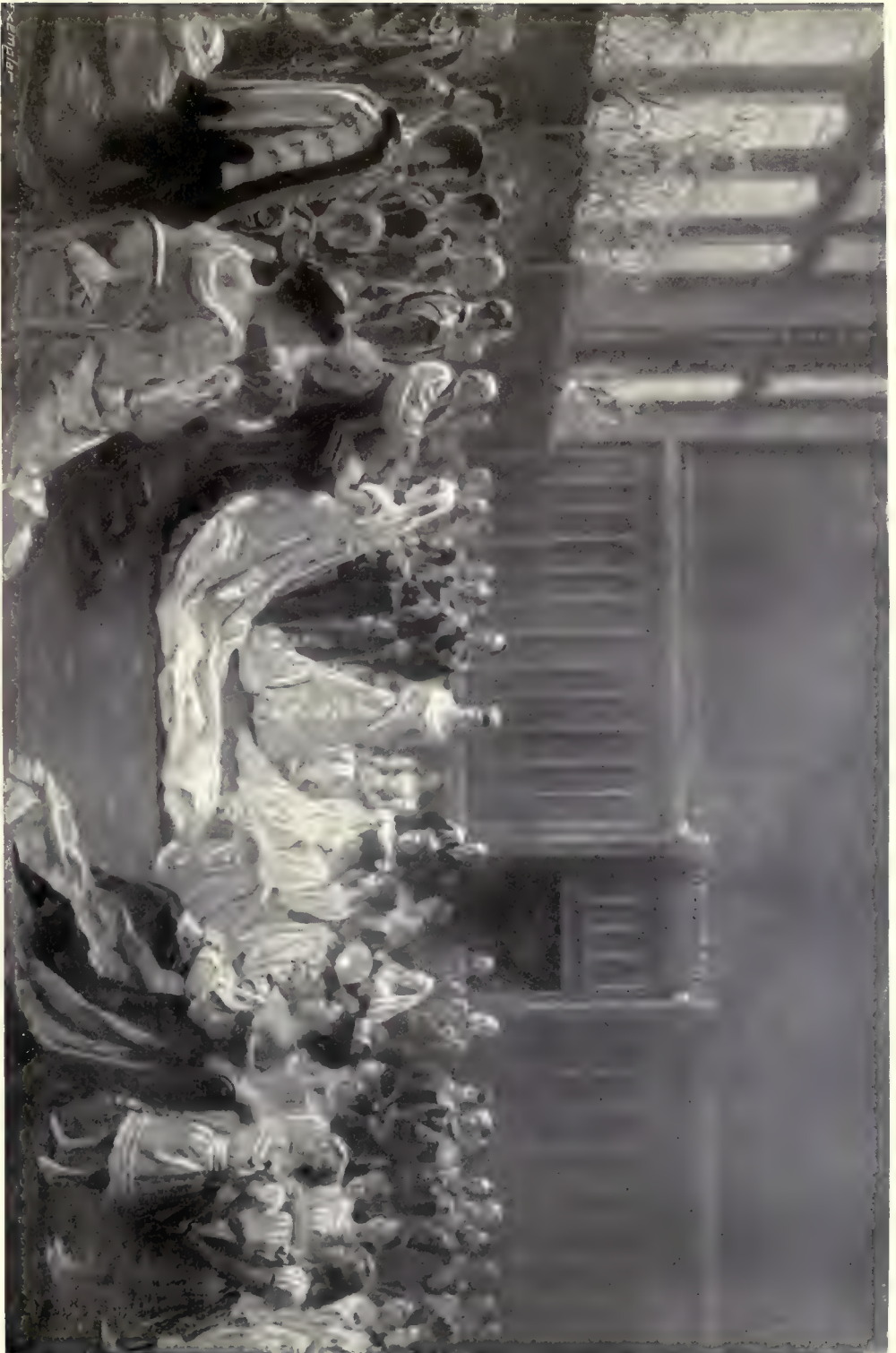
The busy, happy life which the Queen led at Sandringham amongst her family and dependents has not been fully revived since her son's death. No balls have since taken place at the Hall. It was a long time, too, before the Princess's well-loved form again entered the cottages where for so long she had been a constant visitor. The sincere affection with which the Duke of Clarence was held in the district caused almost every person on the estate to hang his portrait in their houses. These tender reminders sometimes proved painful to the Princess, and one old woman has related to the writer, how, when the Princess came to her cottage one day, she walked up to the mantelpiece where a photograph was hanging of the Royal Family, with the late Duke standing fondly beside his mother, and as the Princess looked at it the tears ran down her cheeks. "I ought not to have let her see it," said my informant, with homely consideration; "I might have known it would upset her."

It has been Queen Alexandra's tender care to keep her son's room at Sandringham as it was during his lifetime, and no one ever has or ever will be allowed to occupy it. The photographs and little mementoes of his friends, which he loved to treasure, occupy their accustomed places, and their number testifies to his lovability of character. Below the window on the outside wall a stone tablet with medallion records his death, and to the left of the wing in which the Duke's room is, a clock tower has been erected to his memory. The

violet velvet pall which covered his coffin was, at the suggestion of the Prince and Princess, made into altar cloths, and given to the churches of Sandringham and West Newton. They are only used on special occasions.

An unhappy fate seems to have prevented Queen Alexandra from participating in important family celebrations connected with her own kindred. When her parents kept their silver wedding, she alone of all their children was absent, being on a bed of sickness, and when their golden wedding came round, it found her in the depths of sorrow, and unable to take an active part in the festivities at Copenhagen. These occupied a week, and bore testimony to the love and honour in which King Christian and Queen Louise were held by their subjects, while their six children and twenty-five living grandchildren gathered around them were evidence of the close ties which bound their Majesties to the other nations of Europe. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family stayed at the Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen, during the celebration, but took no public part in it. Their sad retirement was shared by the King and Queen of Greece, whose eldest daughter, the young wife of the Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, had recently died.

For nearly eighteen months after her son's death, the Princess of Wales remained in seclusion, and the country realised very fully how important had been the part which she had played; and there were appeals from all quarters that she would again resume her gracious *rôle*. In the spring of



THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.
Engraved by J. P. Mendoza, Ltd., from the picture painted by Professor Tuxen, by command of Queen Victoria, and now in the Royal Collection at Windsor.

1893 the Princess, accompanied by her daughters, took a prolonged cruise in the Mediterranean, and began slowly to recover her health and spirits.

During her absence the announcement was made of the betrothal of the Duke of York to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck. The event, which had been fully expected by the country, was of necessity viewed by Queen Alexandra with mixed feelings. She rejoiced that the young Princess, who had been widowed ere she was a bride, had found consolation in another love, and that she was still to receive her as a daughter-in-law; but the memory of him who had been the expectant bridegroom was fresh in her heart. Immediately after the arrival of the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House from her foreign tour, the Duchess of Teck brought Princess May to see her, and a sweet and tender scene took place. From that time Queen Alexandra began to resume her old interest in things. She made her first public appearance on Whit-Monday, May 1893, at the Cart Horse Parade in Regent's Park, when Princess May distributed the badges; she felt unable, however, to accompany the family party to the opera in the evening. In the following June she went with the Prince to the laying of the foundation stone of a new wing of the Royal United Service Club, and was received with an affectionate demonstration of welcome.

The same month the Princess was present at the christening, in the old German Chapel, St. James's, of her second grandchild, the Lady Maud Duff, and made her first reappearance

in Society at Lord Rosebery's reception at the Foreign Office. At the end of the same month the Princess opened a bazaar at the Westminster Town Hall in aid of the Alexandra Hospital for Children with hip disease, and a new wing of the Ormonde Street Hospital for Sick Children. A very pretty scene took place in the wards of the latter hospital, where, in honour of the coming wedding, each tiny cot was wreathed with roses of York and blossoms of May. The Duke of Fife, as President of the institution, accompanied the Princess round the wards, his arms laden with dollies, drums and trumpets for the little sufferers. As the Princess bent tenderly over each child, wan faces flushed with pleasure, and hollow, suffering eyes brightened at sight of her. Special notice was taken by the Princess and the Duchess of Fife of the occupant of Lady Alexandra Duff's cot, above which was placed a picture of the Princess with her first grandchild.

This resumption of public duties proved of great benefit to Queen Alexandra, in preparing her for taking part in the coming wedding festivities; and by the beginning of July she was playing hostess at Marlborough House to the arriving guests with something of her old vivacity, and after a good deal of persuasion by the Prince, who was always eager to cheer his wife into her old self again, she accompanied him and their visitors to the opera. The King and Queen of Denmark, the then Czarewitch of Russia, Prince George of Greece, and Prince Valdemar of Denmark were among the guests at Marlborough House, and previous to the wedding a series of dinners and



GJENTOFTE CHURCH, NEAR BERNSTORFF, ATTENDED BY THE QUEEN IN CHILDHOOD.

festivities were given, culminating in a garden party on July 4, to which some 2,000 guests were invited to meet Queen Victoria and the prospective bride and bridegroom.

Not since the marriage of the late Princess Royal had London seen such a pageant as that attending the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May at St. James's Chapel Royal, July 6, 1893. For several days before, people thronged the streets to watch the progress of the decorations, and when the eventful morning dawned, London was like a vast flower garden with roses and May blossoms. St. James's Street was a triumph of decorative art. Crowds had waited in the streets all through the summer's night to get early places for the morning. By 10 o'clock every building and thoroughfare on the line of route was packed with eager

sightseers, and the guests were beginning to arrive at St. James's Palace, Cheers greeted each of the twelve carriages bearing the foreign notabilities and illustrious people, but louder grew the acclamation when the Princess of Wales appeared driving with her parents and the Czarewitch.

More than a century ago, Christian VII. of Denmark came to woo Caroline Matilda, sister to George III.; and as his carriage rumbled under the old gateway of St. James's, one of his attendants scornfully exclaimed, "It is not fit to lodge a Christian in!" Now into the same old palace passed Denmark's daughter, surrounded by the Royal Family of her Fatherland, to witness the marriage of her son, the future heir to the British Empire. So had the cycle of events run round. St. James's had gained nothing in palatial

appearance in the interval, but its old castellated walls, which had listened to the wooing of Anne Boleyn, and resounded to the hunting-horn of Henry VIII., had at least the glory of antiquity. Its chapel had been the scene of many brilliant ceremonials; there Queen Victoria had plighted her troth, and now her grandson stood at the same altar.

Very stately was the entrance of the bride, between her father and eldest brother, in her white and orange-blossoms, her satin train borne by eight bridesmaids in ivory white with pink roses in their hair and wearing each a bracelet enamelled with the rose of York. The bridegroom's supporters were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. The ceremony proceeded after the singing of "Father of Life Everlasting," and the royal salute of a hundred and one guns heralded its conclusion, while the strains of "Perfect Love" filled the chapel.

During the final prayer the beauty of the scene was enhanced by a stream of light falling through one of the stained-glass windows upon the kneeling bride and her bridesmaids—a happy augury which the succeeding years have seen fulfilled.

On the return to Buckingham Palace the Duke and Duchess of York received a continuous ovation, and Princess "May," to use the people's name, bowed her acknowledgments, not, however, without showing that she was enduring a good deal of nervous strain; and, indeed, taking all the circumstances into consideration, the ordeal was no ordinary one for the bride. Queen Victoria and the Duchess of Teck driving together

excited great popular enthusiasm, and not less so was the welcome given to the bridegroom's lovely mother, wearing a white dress embroidered with silver. The Queen of Denmark also looked handsome in a white gown, and showed the very great delight with which she regarded the marriage. After the wedding breakfast, the Duke and Duchess of York left Buckingham Palace, driving through cheering crowds to Liverpool Street Station *en route* for York Cottage, Sandringham, where they received a hearty welcome from the tenantry and inhabitants of the district.

Queen Alexandra's health and spirits continued to improve after this event, and she resumed her public duties, among which may be mentioned the opening of the new Mission Home for Seamen at Poplar, and of the beautiful new wards of the Hospital for Accidents, at Blackwall, June 11, 1894; and on the 30th of the same month she accompanied the Prince to the opening of the Tower Bridge. In the following July she attended the National Welsh Eisteddfod, a ceremony which, with its fine music and general picturesqueness, afforded her great delight. At a special session the royal visitors were initiated members under the following names: *Forweth Dywysog* (Edward the Prince); *Hoffder Prydain* (Britain's Delight) was of course the ever-loved Princess, and *Buddug*, the modern Welsh for Boadicea, was the name conferred on Princess Victoria—but one fails to see the appropriateness of the name of the warrior queen to this sweet and gentle Princess.

In the succeeding October the Prince

and Princess received a sudden summons to the dying bed of the Czar Alexander, at Livadia, and remained to be the comfort and support of the bereaved Empress and her son, the Emperor Nicholas. After the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York returned home, the Princess stayed for nearly two months with her beloved sister, whose grief at the loss of her husband was inconsolable.

New family ties were now springing up for Queen Alexandra in the birth of the charming children of the Duke and Duchess of York, bringing the interest of a second nursery, as owing to the proximity of York Cottage to Sandringham, and of York House, St.

James's, to Marlborough House, they have always been about the King and Queen.

Prince Edward, whose birth at his mother's old home of White Lodge, June 23, 1894, was a matter for great public rejoicing, is becoming quite companionable to "dear Granny." He is learning to ride with a skill and fearlessness which does credit to his strain of Danish ancestry; but at

present he is timid of Granny's big dogs, and takes refuge behind her skirts when he goes with her to the kennels.

He has proved an apt pupil at the Queen's Technical Schools at Sandringham, and came in one day to tell Miss Wolfe, the lady superintendent, that he wanted to work something "as a surprise for mother."

After great consultation a mat was decided on, and under the tuition of Miss Wolfe he made a very pretty mat with crochet wool on canvas. When it was finished, he came back to the school, filled with national ardour, to say that he "would like to make another mat for mother, with the Union Jack on it!"

In the summer of 1896 Queen

Alexandra had the happiness of seeing her youngest daughter, Princess Maud, long known as "Baby" in the family, happily married to her handsome sailor cousin, Prince Charles of Denmark, second son of the Crown Prince. The betrothal was announced in October, 1895, after one of the family gatherings at Fredensborg; and their marriage took place in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace in the presence



THE QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS VICTORIA, PRINCESS MAUD, AND PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.
Taken at Fredensborg on the engagement of the latter.

of Queen Victoria and the Royal Families of England and Denmark. The honeymoon was passed at Appleton Hall, Sandringham, which the Prince had converted into a pretty country residence for Prince and Princess Charles, and where a portion of each year is still spent.

It is indeed remarkable how little the marriages of the Royal Family have interfered with their old family life, for wherever the King and Queen are in residence their children are near to them, proving unmistakably the deep affection which unites them. Such a close family life with their parents after marriage has claimed princes and princesses is unique in history. Comparisons are odious, but one is forcibly reminded of the unhappy bickerings and open feuds which marred the domestic hearths of the four Georges; and happy as the late Queen was with her children, she early parted with her two eldest daughters into foreign homes.

The recent years of Queen Alexandra's life have been specially marked by the Diamond Jubilee celebration, in which she played her part with characteristic grace and tact, and showed her ever thoughtful heart in the suggestion that dinner should be provided for the destitute poor, and by the unhappy period of the South African war, when her influence procured the equipment of the *Princess of Wales* Hospital Ship. Her Presidentship of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association brought funds to many soldiers' wives and orphans, and her help has been given to various branches of philanthropy for aiding

sufferers from the war; while under her immediate personal supervision a home for convalescent officers was equipped at Babingley, on the Sandringham estate.

In the autumn of 1898 she was again called to yield another loved one to death. News came of the serious condition of the Queen of Denmark while the Princess was nursing the Prince on board the *Osborne*, at Cowes, after the accident which he had sustained to his leg by a fall on the staircase while visiting the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, and both felt that the Princess's immediate duty lay with her mother, and she proceeded immediately to Copenhagen and took her place in the sick-room. During the last days of Queen Louise's life, so devoted was the Princess that she remained on one occasion for sixteen hours at the bedside without intermission; and the doctor ordered the nurse to take her away, fearing that she would faint from fatigue. The good Queen, who might well be called the mother of Europe, passed to her rest September 29, and was buried amidst great public marks of respect in the Cathedral of Roskilde, the Westminster Abbey of Denmark. Each succeeding year the Queen has accompanied her aged and sorrowing father, with other members of the family, to Roskilde, to place flowers upon her mother's tomb.

Ere two more years had sped Queen Alexandra saw the passing of a second mother in the great and good Victoria, January 22, 1901, whose queenly mantle has fallen upon her shoulders. Never before has the position of Queen Consort been filled by one so well

calculated by experience and by charm of character to sustain it as Alexandra. After the closing of such a magnificent career as that of our late beloved monarch, the queenly office would have collapsed under many circumstances ; but the Consort of King Edward, though performing duties different in character from those of a Queen Regnant, has discharged them in a manner which has further enhanced the love which all classes bear her, and by her quiet dignity and gracious bearing is materially helping the King in his

great office. His Majesty has lost no opportunity of paying honour to his beautiful Queen : precedents have been scattered to the winds in her favour. She has received the Order of the Garter, driven in the state coach with the King to the opening of his first Parliament, and a verse in her honour has been added to the National Anthem. To say that Her Majesty has deserved it is to understate the case ; she has abundantly earned it.

Stand, your husband's crown and flower,
England's wedded Queen.

Personal Tastes and Characteristics



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, AND PRINCESS VICTORIA, WITH THE CHILDREN
OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

From Photo by Ralph. Published by London Stereoscopic Company.

CHAPTER IX

Personal Tastes and Characteristics

Kind words and few are a woman's ornament.

—*Danish Proverb.*

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"
Ay and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure HE DOth.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

AN early biographer of Queen Victoria apologised for calling her a "woman," and gave elaborate argument to show that such an epithet might be applied even to a great monarch without offence. The simple life of open confidence pursued by the late venerated Queen broke down in great measure the barriers existing between the Court and people; and the day is passing when it is deemed necessary in polite and loyal biography to estimate royal personages from any other than the human standpoint. As men and as women they stand or fall. Loyalty which requires a fetish on a pedestal and receives a shock if it discovers the sign of human weakness in the object of its worship is a spurious sentiment.

In attempting to delineate the character of Queen Alexandra we make no apology for assigning her to the feminine position—considering that woman was the final and crowning work of the Creation. The Queen is, as all the world knows, one of the most beautiful, gracious, and lovable

women of her time, with a tender heart ever responsive to the cry of the poor or the pain of the sick, and whose abounding pity is equalled by lavish generosity. Other people have to put the check on Her Majesty's purse-strings. Never was any philanthropist more in need of a "dragon" at the door than the Queen. "If I am imposed upon and deceived," she will say, "the fault lies with those who do



GRECIAN WELL.

Placed by the Queen on the terrace lawn at Sandringham.
From special Photograph.

it." However, when an impostor is unmasked the Queen shows her displeasure in a most effective manner.

Dealing first with Her Majesty's characteristics on the purely domestic side, she possesses the mother faculty in a marked degree, and the devotion of her children to each other and to their parents is an eloquent tribute to her maternal influence. Absorbing as was her affection for her own little ones, it was never of the selfish kind; but in proportion as her heart went out to them so did it expand to receive other children into its tender sympathy.

Madame Jerichau-Baumann, an artist and the wife of a Danish sculptor, who came to Marlborough House to paint Prince Albert Victor a few months after his birth, describes a pretty scene which illustrates not only the Queen's delight in her firstborn, but her kind thought for the humble mother who was his wet-nurse. A robust young Irishwoman was appointed to that position, and after she had been in the royal nursery for a time her health began to suffer, and the Princess of Wales quickly divined that "nurse" was grieving for her own baby boy, and arrangements were made for him to come and see her.

Madame Jerichau describes his arrival, dressed in "a fine green coat and a hat with feathers, which accentuated his plain face with low forehead and stumpy nose." The Princess entered the nursery with her own little Albert Victor, and, going up to the new arrival, said in her sweet way, "Oh, how nice he is!" to please his mother, who was radiant with joy. "Then, after sending her away," says Madame Jerichau, "the

Princess let the two little boys slide down on the soft rug in front of the fire, and remarked, laughing, to me, 'I just want to measure them and see which of the two is the bigger. It is mine,' she exclaimed, full of triumph: 'Eddy is a whole half inch longer, though a fortnight younger!'" So willing was the Princess, and indeed anxious, to show her beautiful babe to her visitors that the Prince, to gratify her, had a lift constructed at Marlborough House by which their little son could be lowered in his cradle from the nursery to the Princess's boudoir underneath to receive the loyal kiss on hands or feet from privileged callers without being awakened from his slumbers.

Madame Jerichau had known Queen Alexandra in her early years in Copenhagen, and she relates a conversation at Marlborough House, at this period, which illustrates the faithfulness to her old friends which is one of the most beautiful traits in the Queen's character. "Never shall I forget," says Madame Jerichau, "that day when the Princess showed me her new and splendid home at Marlborough House, and brought out the keepsakes of her old home which she had brought with her. But fairest of all was the Princess herself, because she was so young and so 'lovely her looks,' as the song says. I said to her, 'This is all exceedingly beautiful, but the best thing for me is to see your Royal Highness amongst all this glory and splendour quite untouched by it and just the same as at Bernstorff.' Then she gave me her hand, and said with tears in her eyes, 'Dear Mrs. Jerichau



SHOOTING PARTY AT SANDRINGHAM TAKEN DURING THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN NOVEMBER 1900.
Photo by Ralph. Published by London Stereoscopic Co.

ought I not to feel very humble because of all the kindness which has been shown me in my new home?'"

The Queen's characteristics as a mother are a constant and loving concern for her children's welfare, tempered by a proper assertion of her maternal dignity. She does not follow the tendency of the times to allow young people to have it all their own way while parents meekly stand aside. Her Majesty is a veritable Queen in her own family. When her children were young, and showed the wilfulness common to their age, she was indulgent up to a certain point; but when once she gave a decided command it had to be obeyed. Her influence was paramount in the nursery; and however great the confidence which she felt in the personal attendants of the young Princes and Princesses, she accepted and acted upon her maternal responsibility.

She was particularly anxious to imbue her children with habits of unselfishness, kindly thought for servants, and sympathy for the poor; and while she would laugh with almost girlish glee at their pranks, and indeed join in them, she would severely reprimand the kind of naughtiness which inflicted pain on any one else; and, if they had shown cruelty of the smallest kind to animals, would have punished them severely. The story was told in Sandringham that a village boy whom she saw tormenting a cat had his ears boxed by the Princess of Wales. "I am sure mother did not do such a thing," said Princess Maud on hearing the story, "but I think she would like to have done."

The best evidence of the good home influence exercised by the King and Queen over their family is that one never hears in Norfolk, where their daily life has been an open book to the people, any stories which reveal youthful acts of overbearing or unkindness. The royal children were full of innocent fun without doubt, and were, to use a local phrase, "oncommon lively"; but when they did perpetrate a little mischief it was of the kind which was readily forgiven. Their faults were of the popular order. Workmen who returned from their dinner hour, when engaged at Sandringham Hall, to find their tools hidden, or their paint remixed by Prince George, feel no acrimony in recounting the story.

That strict disciplinarian, Queen Charlotte of excellent memory, did not devote herself more conscientiously to the training of her children than has Queen Alexandra; but how different the methods, and how immeasurably different the result! Queen Charlotte did the nursery "spanking" with her own royal hands, and saw her grown boys "whipped like dogs," to use the expression of a lady of the Court—but it did not reform them. Queen Alexandra has proved that the power of love is more potent than the birch. She has ever been the chief companion of her children, sharing their recreations with an enjoyment and liveliness equal to their own: now riding races with her little girls in Sandringham Park, entering into the cricket-matches played by the young Princes with the village boys, spending long days on the moors with them in the shooting-season, or

whiling away a pleasant day fishing in the Dee.

The Queen's naturally gay and youthful spirit has kept its freshness in the companionship of her children,

Princesses to enter Court life very gradually. Few *débutantes* were as charmingly fresh and *ingénue* as the Queen's daughters at their first Drawing-room ; and though the almost



THE QUEEN AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

From Photo by Ralph Published by London Stereoscopic Company.

and in these later years of her grandchildren. She likes to have young life around her, and is very tolerant of the ways of the little ones. As her children grew up she was more strict with them, and only permitted the

severe simplicity of their dress was after their appearance in Society relaxed, they still continued to set an example of girlish simplicity and neatness. They can scarcely be said to have worn jewels until after their

marriage, and their reading and amusements were under strict supervision.

The habit of relying on their mother's taste and judgment has remained with Princess Maud even since they have had homes of their own; and every opportunity of spending time with their parents is eagerly seized, while the tender and constant devotion of Princess Victoria as the "home daughter" is very beautiful. Even the Prince of Wales has not broken away altogether from the old life, and his devotion to the Princess and their beautiful children is linked



THE QUEEN'S RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND, "ALEC."

Painted by Miss Maud Earl. From Photo by Henry Dixon and Son.

to unremitting attention to his mother and sisters.

At Sandringham they are seen enjoying country life all together much as of yore; and if the King chances to be absent fulfilling engagements, the Prince is the Queen's cavalier at church or any other public appearance. Over his swing-bed on board the *Ophir* a portrait of his mother carrying Prince Edward pick-a-back^h was hung beside that of his wife, and above the couch in his sitting-room was another portrait of the Queen, with the loving reminder, "Old Mother Dear," written beneath it.

The personal charms of Queen Alexandra have been the subject of reiterated description for nearly forty years, and still are full of popular interest. It is usually accepted that Her Majesty makes a good photograph; but pleasing as these invariably are, they fail to convey the bewitching vivacity of her face and manner. A slightly set and serious expression is assumed by the Queen before the camera, and a certain playful archness of demeanour, peculiar to her, is not brought out.

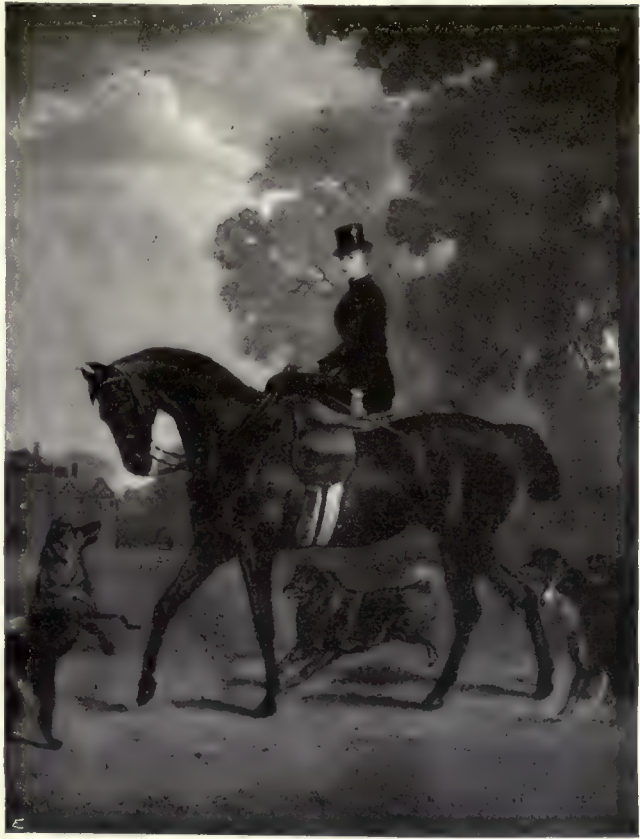
Little unconscious gestures, and a slight movement of the head to emphasize her remarks, distinguish her in private conversation. Her Majesty's voice is deep and clear, and a slightly foreign accent gives it piquancy. Her smile is charming, and the beauty and expressiveness of her deep blue eyes have a singular attraction. Tall and graceful, and invariably dressed in what appears just the right thing for the occasion, devoid of exaggerations of style, the Queen has that easy and reposeful demeanour which perfect dressing gives. Every detail of her costume seems to have been made for her and her alone. She has an artistic sense of the fitness of things, and when in the country still adheres to the short walking-dress.

The Queen has so far conformed to modern fashion as to abandon her old favourite, the close-fitting princess-shaped bonnet, for a small toque; but has not adopted the large picture-hats or the "Gainsborough" and "Nell

Gwynne" style of head-gear. She is equally conservative in hair-dressing, and has adhered to the curled *toupe* ever since she first adopted it twenty or more years ago. High collars and ruffles at the throat are greatly liked by the Queen. Blue is her favourite colour, and was much used for her dresses and bonnets at one time; but of late years she has preferred silver grey and pale shades of heliotrope. She is extremely particular about the fit of her bodices and jackets, and never wears material which has a tendency to crease; for this reason she likes tailor-made costumes in cloth or tweed, and prefers a velvet gown to a silk. I am afraid

the little stories about the Queen sometimes trimming her own hats and bonnets must be relegated to the realm of fiction, although her taste is exercised in every detail of her wardrobe.

Again and again has Queen Alexandra's beautiful face and figure been portrayed by distinguished artists and sculptors, and it is interesting to compare the experiences related by Mr. Frith, R.A., who painted her immediately after her marriage, and of M. Benjamin Constant, to whom Her Majesty recently sat for her portrait. The scenes described give a vivid light on her personality. "The Princess of Wales," says Mr. Frith, "at the time



THE QUEEN ON HER FAVOURITE HORSE "VIVA."
From the Painting by Lascelles at Sandringham. Reproduced by special permission.

of her marriage was very young and very beautiful, as all the world knows. She graciously consented to afford me sittings for my picture [the Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales]. The Princess is well known for her kindness of heart. Oh, how that heart would have ached if its owner had realised the aching of mine when I too soon discovered that the illustrious young lady did not know that the keeping her face in one position for a few minutes even was necessary to enable an artist to catch a resemblance of it." Mr. Frith delicately hinted his difficulty to the Prince who replied, "You should scold her."

At the same time the Princess was also giving sittings to Mr. Gibson, the sculptor; and he, in conference with Mr. Frith, said: "Well, you see, the Princess is a delightful lady, but she can't sit a bit." Later all repaired to Mr. Gibson's studio, and the Prince said, "How do you find the Princess sit, Mr. Gibson?" The sculptor looked in dead silence at the Prince, then at the Princess, and again at the Prince with a shake of the head. "There, you see, you neither sit properly to Mr. Gibson nor to Mr. Frith," said the Prince to his bride. "I do—I know I do," she replied with a pretty, smiling pout. "You are two bad men!"

M. Constant describes the Queen as he painted her portrait at Marlborough House a year or two ago. "Fairly tall, slim, elegant—no Royal Princess was ever endowed from her cradle with more charm. Youth has remained on this gentle face of noble features, with eyes of a deep and pure blue, whose look is almost timid, and yet observant and instinct with an expression of generous goodness. When I arrived at Marlborough House for my sittings, Her Royal Highness was sometimes—dare I say it?—late; and when Her Royal Highness apologised, I was put to it to find apologies for her apologies. She spoke to me so simply, so courteously, so gently, and in such perfect French that I thought to myself, 'Our Queens of France of yore must have spoken in such manner.' The Princess sat very still, and gave me the necessary sittings with the best grace. Miss Charlotte Knollys, a lady of remarkable intelligence, chatted a little with the model and with the

painter, and time passed quickly—too quickly; while the Princess's little Japanese dog snored in the cushions of an arm-chair."

One of the peculiar charms of Queen Alexandra is her capacity for attracting the love and admiration of her own sex. The possessor of great beauty has frequently to encounter the jealousy or depreciation of women less favoured—and in many cases with reason, for handsome women are apt to flaunt their attractions and display an overbearing and imperious spirit. The Queen has always been popular with women, her abounding kindness having killed envy. The late Empress Frederick, a shrewd judge of character, once said of her sister-in-law: "I have met many women who pleased men, but no one who like Alexandra could win her own sex without creating jealousy."

The Queen is particularly fond of country life and its recreations. She has been a fearless rider and is an excellent whip. Lord Ronald Gower has described her hunting at Trentham when she and the Prince visited the Duke of Sutherland in 1866. "The Princess," he says, "looked very lovely on her horse, 'King Arthur,' and rode like a bird. Except hurdles, however, which had been put up in the Green Drive, there was little jumping. But the Princess took the hurdles beautifully; she has simply no sense of nervousness. Returning from the hunting after dark, riding through the woods where these hurdles were, she leapt them again, although both the Prince and Stafford had avoided them. The next term at Cambridge," con-

tinues Lord Ronald, "I found my old friend Professor Sidgwick delighted to hear of the Princess being such a plucky horsewoman, saying that her courage and nerve came from the grand old Norse breed. It would be difficult to say what a charm the Princess has both in looks and manner; she is so entirely free from affectation and so easy to get on with."

Shortly after this time the prolonged illness of the Princess and the stiffness of the knee-joint caused by acute rheumatism precluded her for a period from her favourite exercise, and when she again resumed riding her saddles were made for the off-side. It was long proverbial in Norfolk that the Princess would be at a "meet," whoever else was frightened by bad weather, and she possesses many trophies of the chase.

The Queen no longer hunts, but enjoys riding when at Sandringham on her new horse "Violet," a pretty brown mare which has taken the place of her old favourite, "Viva," who carried her for more than twenty years. The Queen has preserved its ears and forelock in a case with an inscription stating that "'Viva,' the favourite hack of the Princess of Wales, died July 1, 1899, aged 28." Another great pet was "Huffy," which the Princess used to drive in the Blues, a light cart suited for the lanes. He died two years ago, bent with old age, and was affectionately visited by his mistress to the last.

Among living favourites are "Puffy" and "Mite," the Queen's tandem bays; "Bena," "Beau," and "Belle," which she drives in pairs in a little French

carriage, and "Merry Antics," which she drives singly. Some years ago the Queen used to drive a team of four Hungarian ponies, a parting present from the King when he went to India, but of these "Bator" and "Cellig" alone survive. "Marky," a quiet old pony with a white mark on its nose is another special favourite.

The Queen always chooses the names for her horses. She prefers bays or chestnuts as regards colour, and likes brown harness with brass mounts. She is particular that her driving ponies shall have handsome flowing tails; and if Nature has not been lavish in this matter, the aid of art is called in.



THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON'S
STUDIO CHAIR WORKED BY
QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Specially photographed.

"Bena" and "Beau" have false tails attached to their harness. The Queen's whips are very dainty, with gold tops. The Queen's pony-stables were built at Sandringham in 1879, and are perfect in sanitation and beautiful to the eye. The stalls have silver fittings, the walls are lined with white glazed tiles, and even the straw litter has a plaited fringe. The name of each horse is inscribed over its stall in gold letters on a tablet of blue and white.

Recently the Queen has driven occasionally in her motor-car, but she has not the King's enthusiasm for the new locomotion. The Queen's car is four-

wheeled, made to seat two, has a hood, and is painted black and red. Pugh, Her Majesty's phaeton boy, drives it. She is too fond of horses to care much for a mechanical carriage, and for the same reason rarely uses the handsome silver-mounted tricycle constructed for her use.

The Queen often amuses herself with fishing when staying at Deeside, but has not the enthusiasm for the sport which characterises the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Fife. Her fishing-rod is costly and dainty, being inlaid with gold, and made to be put together in six pieces. She only uses artificial baits, and always tries to persuade others to do the same. Fishing-expeditions are a part of the amusements indulged in by the Danish family gatherings at Fredensborg, and in days gone by the Queen used to have great contentions with the late Czar because he would use live baits. She could not endure to see the wriggling worms, and used to playfully assert that she "would not go out fishing with Alexander again." Reformation would be promised by the good-natured culprit, but only to be transgressed when he became absorbed in good sport.

The Queen has never cared for tennis, and the courts at Sandringham have recently been converted into a rose-garden, with a rustic summer-house, where she sits in hot weather and sometimes takes tea. A part of the terrace lawn has been set apart for croquet, and the Queen is fond of a quiet game with her family, and during the past summer Prince Edward

and Princess Victoria have played croquet with "Granny."

Golf is the latest sport which the Queen has taken up. About two years ago links were made on the portion of Sandringham Park between the gardens and the church, and last spring the Queen and Princess Victoria spent a good deal of time practising golf, with a boy from the Technical Schools to act as caddy. The Prince of Wales often played, too; but the Princess rarely takes part in any outdoor sports.

When walking, the Queen is invariably accompanied by some of her dogs. She likes to give them all a turn, and names those who are to go with her from the kennels. Often as many as ten dogs will form her escort in the grounds at Sandringham, barking and jumping around her with delight, but obedient to her slightest word. The Queen's devotion to horses and dogs and her power over them is one of her most noticeable characteristics. She takes a keen interest in animal exhibitions, and constantly enters her dogs and bantams for competition. Her lovely white Russian wolf-hound "Alec" is the champion prize-winner among the Queen's dogs, and enjoys a large share of favour. "Billy" and "Punchy," fancy Japanese spaniels, are the favourite boudoir dogs, and are indeed inseparable from their royal mistress.

Another distinguishing taste of the Queen is her fondness for flowers.

Fragrant roses, fresh and blooming,
Grace the garden and the Hall.

And not only so, but the simplest wild-flowers are loved and cultivated by her. One of the most interesting

spots I visited at Sandringham was the Queen's wild-flower garden. It winds in secluded paths a little back from the avenue of Scotch firs known as the "Church Walk," and there bluebells, pimpernels, bird's-eye, violets, primroses, forget-me-nots, buttercups, daisies, and even the homely nettle grow in their own way amongst the grass and shrubs. Flowering weeds are not excluded, but trained to good behaviour.

There are no set flower beds and no trim gravel paths in this garden; each simple floweret looks supremely at home and gives no sign of the gardener's cultivation. The spot is a little paradise in spring, when the blooms are

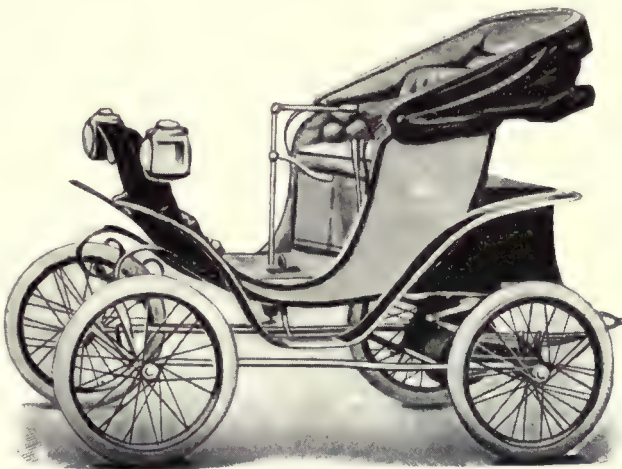
in greatest profusion, trees in their freshest green, and every bough seems to have its songster; and when the soft June evenings come the nightingales flood the Queen's wild-flower garden with their melody.

In one of the most secluded parts is a rustic table and seats, where Her Majesty occasionally has tea. In an outlying portion of the estate the Queen has a piece of woodland carefully preserved for the cultivation of primroses, quantities of which are sent to various hospitals and infirmaries. The Rosary and the adjacent summer-

house, beyond the terrace gardens, is another of her favourite retreats, as also the cool Alpine garden with its murmuring stream and fern-clad banks. The pink Malmaison is the Queen's favourite flower for the decoration of her private rooms. If in the beautifully kept grounds at Sandringham, with their spic-and-span gravel paths and turf borders and wide stretching lawns, which are the King's delight, one chances upon a spot out of the precise order, or sees a bit of old-world

statuary, it may be safely inferred that it is the Queen's fancy.

The following is an instance illustrative of her taste for the beautiful and



THE QUEEN'S ELECTRIC MOTOR-CAR.

antique. During a cruise in the Mediterranean she saw, when calling at Crete, a charming specimen of an ancient Grecian well. "I should like to take that lovely old thing home to Sandringham," said the Queen, and orders were given to procure it and convey it to the royal yacht. After her return she had it erected on the terrace garden, and flowers and creepers planted about it. The effect is most charming. There is the white marble structure, with an artistic base, and elegant supports rising to an apex from which the old iron bucket hangs; it

only wants a picturesque Greek girl to lower the bucket into the well, and the picture would be perfect. Outside the summer-house in the Rosary there are also some ancient bits of architecture, brought by the Queen from Greece, over which ferns and plants are trained, not to exclude the old stone, but to intensify its beauty. I think the Emperor William must have been desiring specially to give the Queen pleasure when, after his visit to Sandringham in 1899, he presented their Majesties with a Dresden china chandelier composed of flowers, chiefly garlands of roses in their delicate natural tints. Another bit of artistic work of which the Queen is very fond is a sculpture in the drawing-room showing that saucy boy "Puck" seated on a toadstool, holding a lizard in one hand and a toad in the other.

Sketching and photography belong to the pastimes of the Queen. Her camera and sketch-book are always at hand when she travels; and she has a quick eye for a comic scene, a picturesque bit of landscape, or a quaint figure. She has a unique collection of snap-shots taken at home and abroad, which fill several albums. It was her custom to photograph the King's horses each year on the sale ground at Wolferton, and the collection forms an interesting reminder of the fine animals who have passed from the royal stud-farm to purchasers in all parts of the country.

A story is told at Sandringham which goes to prove that the Queen's kodak has been of more than ordinary use. She had taken a view which included a railway bridge in the district

with a train going over it, and after the photograph was developed it showed a slight bend of the bridge. Thinking that her focussing had been at fault, the Queen took another snap-shot, but with the same effect. The matter was now brought to the King's notice, with the result that the structure of the bridge was examined by an expert, found to be faulty, and measures for rebuilding taken.

As a girl the Queen liked to sketch old ruins and country landscapes, and the use of the camera has not altogether destroyed her fondness for pencil and brush. She has painted many charming groups of flowers. Recently she contributed water-colour sketches to the Amateur Art Exhibition.

The late Lord Leighton was very sensible of her talents, and she enjoyed nothing more than a chat on art subjects with the handsome and courtly President of the Academy. As a mark of her friendship she presented him with a studio chair the cushions of which were worked by herself in an embroidered design in coloured silks taken from an old Italian pattern. The chair is now in the possession of Lord Leighton's sisters, who kindly permitted a photograph of it to be taken. The chief beauty, however, which lies in the fineness of the stitching and the harmonious blending of colours, is not apparent in a picture. The chair is at once a tribute to the Queen's thought for the distinguished painter, and an evidence of her skill in artistic needlework.

All kinds of pretty and elegant work interest Her Majesty, and her influence has made the Sandringham Technical

School for Girls, under the Misses Wolfe's able management, a centre for fine and beautiful needlework, both ornamental and useful. The Queen has further encouraged the girls in learning the old-time handicrafts by herself having a hand loom for tapestry weaving and a spinning-wheel.



From a Painting by Queen Alexandra at Sandringham, signed
"Bernstorff, 1895."

Knitting is also among the Queen's accomplishments; and one day when visiting a cottager she found the old woman, whose eyesight was failing, puzzling over the heel of a stocking she was knitting. "I can put that right for you," said the Queen. The old woman smiled incredulously, thinking that it was one of the "dear Princess's" little pleasantries; but Her Royal Highness proved her words by taking the stocking and binding down the heel as she sat in the cottage.

Music has ever been the Queen's favourite study, and the opera her favourite entertainment. She was reared in an eminently musical family, and knew intimately in her girlhood the chief *artistes* of Denmark and Scandinavia, including Jenny Lind who sang at her wedding. After her marriage the Queen took lessons from the late Sir Charles Hallé, to whom she was much attached, as she is still to his widow, whom she has recently appointed "Violinist to the Queen." "Sir Charles Hallé, who had the Princess of Wales for a pupil, had the

greatest regard for her talent," writes his son and biographer, "and thought it of a very high order."

He was often a guest at Marlborough House and Sandringham, and thus records his first introduction to the Princess, which took place at Windsor: "A servant came with the agreeable message, 'The Prince and Princess of Wales wish to see Mr. Hallé,' and we went in all haste to the private apartments . . . The Prince, after shaking hands cordially, presented me to his wife, of whose beauty and grace the photographs give no idea." Mr. Hallé (afterwards Sir Charles) was ultimately commissioned to purchase a grand piano for the Princess's boudoir, and to give her lessons. All the principal musical *artistes* have enjoyed the Queen's patronage, and many have been privately received at Marlborough House.

The Queen is particularly fond of orchestral music, and often went informally to St. Anne's, Soho, to hear the Passion music performed in Lent. When, a few years ago, Herr Strauss

and his orchestra were giving concerts in the Gardens of the Imperial Institute, the Queen had seats reserved for herself and a lady-in-waiting, and constantly attended privately. Her rapt expression of enjoyment was quite noticeable. At the conclusion of the season she sent for Herr Strauss to personally thank him for the great pleasure which she had derived from his concerts, and gave him a jewelled scarf-pin as a memento. The piano which the Queen now uses formerly belonged to Paderewsky, and was a birthday present from her daughters.

It was largely due to her influence and that of the King that the Royal School of Music at Kensington was started. The Queen's degrees of Doctor of Music, of which she is very proud, were not conferred by the Dublin University, and more recently by the University of Wales, without merit ; for not only is she a good musician herself, able to interpret the compositions of the great masters, but she has helped materially in the encouragement of the higher education of women in musical composition and harmony, and has been an advocate for providing Halls of Residence for girl students in musical centres.

In matters of philanthropy the Queen has been specially interested in hospitals and institutions for the young, and the stories of her little personal acts of kindness to sick children would, I think, fill a volume. Once, when visiting the Children's Hospital at Brighton, of which the Duchess of Fife laid the stone, the Queen noticed a poor child suffering from hernia, and was much distressed, as she feared it

was dying. Next day the matron received a letter from the Princess, asking if the child was still alive, and upon receiving word that she was, wrote a charming letter to say that she was sure that only the most vigilant care and attention could have saved the child's life.

There is not an institution where Her Majesty has been in the habit of visiting—and they are very numerous—which has not its record of her personal sympathy with individual cases like the one mentioned. The most unique tribute paid to the power of Queen Alexandra to charm the inmates of institutions which she visited occurred when she went over the prison at Wormwood Scrubbs. One man when she entered his cell promptly wrote a sonnet to her on his slate. Only recently he has confessed that this effusion to the lovely visitor brought him severe punishment for infringing prison rules.

In her Norfolk home she has been the constant friend of the sick and infirm, not merely paying the formal call of inquiry, but herself ministering to their needs, sitting at the bedside of a sick labourer until late in an evening, and returning again to bring him some tempting food from her own table ; rubbing the hands of some old woman with rheumatism, and even washing the face of an old man who appeared at that particular time to have no one at hand to do it ; while she rarely enters a sick-room without shaking up the pillows, and trying to put them in a more comfortable position for the patient. " I never knew any one who could arrange pillows like the

Queen," said one who had had experience of her tender ministrations. She is most sympathetic to the infirmities of the aged, and will give personal assistance to any one needing it.

For instance, one morning, when about the Sandringham lanes, the Queen saw an old woman, burdened with a loaf of bread under one arm and carrying a cabbage and a bundle of sticks in the other hand, trying to climb a stile. She hastened to her assistance, saying: "You cannot get over with all those things in your hands; let me hold some of them for you," and taking the loaf and the cabbage, she held them until

Biddy was safely on the other side of the stile.

Some amusing experiences has the Queen had in her goings about amongst the country people. Once, seeing a boy lounging by the roadside at Sandringham, she stopped to ask his name, and next inquired if his father was a labourer on the estate.

"No, ma'am, he ain't a labourer,"

replied the boy loftily; "he's a poacher."

"Does he find much to do?" queried the Queen with a smile.

"Not much," said the boy; "he's had bad luck lately, and we're half starved at home."

"Poor boy!" returned the Queen,

without a ny further thought of poaching; "tell me where you live and I will see that you get some food."

Honest work was also ultimately found for the father.

Reference has been already made to the faithful attachment of the Queen to her old friends, and she reckons them in all ranks of life. During her first visit to Denmark



THE QUEEN'S AVIARY AT SANDRINGHAM.

From a special Photograph.

after the King's accession, the Queen received an enthusiastic welcome as she stopped at the pier of Nyborg, and after bowing graciously to the assembled people, she looked round as though she had missed some one, and, turning to the officials, said: "What has become of the dear old lady who used to sell such lovely pears?" Presently, as the crowd parted,

the old woman was discovered with her fruit basket in the background, and an official brought her, beaming, to the Queen's side. Her Majesty selected some fruit, and with gracious and kindly words, placed a five-crown piece in her hand. It had been the Queen's custom on previous visits to Denmark to purchase fruit in this way, and she would not allow an old friend to be neglected.

It is a little premature to attempt

womanly influence on the side of right. All movements for bettering the condition of her own sex have her sympathy, and she has constantly shown a desire to promote the higher education of women, while the help which she has given to the Nursing Movement, and the interest which she has shown in the admission of women to the practice of medicine—a science which interests her more than any other—has been of material benefit.



THE QUEEN'S SUMMER-HOUSE AND ROSARY, SANDRINGHAM.

From special Photograph.

We touch delicate ground when the Queen's relation to the more advanced feminine movements are considered, but we believe that her sympathies are with the schemes advocated by the late Empress Frederick and her dear friend and sister, Princess Alice. It may fairly be inferred that a born huma-

to define Alexandra's characteristics as a Queen, before the crown has actually been placed upon her brow. Politics and statesmanship have no attraction for her—the Queen's warm friendship for Mr. Gladstone was purely personal—neither do circumstances demand that she should exercise her power in such matters.

Her activities will lie as heretofore in trying to lift the cloud of woe from the world, in the relief of human suffering, and by exercising her

nitarian like Queen Alexandra desires to see women serving on all local governing bodies where they can be of use in furthering the interests of women and children, and helping to make the world brighter and better by providing habitable dwellings for the poor, and promoting sanitary and just conditions of labour for the toilers. "The hearth," says an Indian proverb, "is not a stone, but a woman," and it may be said of King Edward's Consort that she is the hearth of the nation.

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